THE BYSTANDER
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DECEMBER 7, 1932

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The BYSTANDER

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1/

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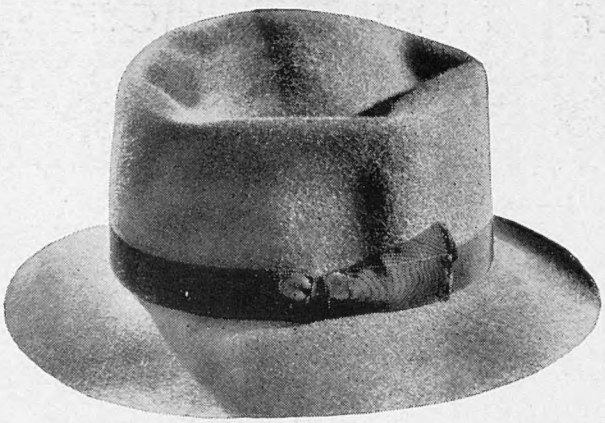

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The Bystander, December 7, 1932

No. 1512. Vol. CXVI

The BYSTANDER

WHETHER or not roses are Lady Anne Wellesley's favourite flower, they certainly are most typical of her fresh charm and loveliness. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Douro, and a granddaughter of the Duke of Wellington, and is engaged to the Hon. David Rhys, Lord Dynevor's younger son

Photographs by Peter North

The FACE and the FLOWER

No. 1.—The Lady Anne Wellesley

Photographs
Janet Jevons

The Lady Waleran

Lady Waleran was one of those who took part in the Ivory Cross Matinée at the Hippodrome, and appeared as the picture of Mlle. de Verrières. She is the daughter of Captain Gordon Blackadder, of Montreal, and married Lord Waleran this year; she has just come back from a visit to Canada. Lord Waleran's mother, the Hon. Mrs. Adams, is a sister of Lord Glentanar

Shooting at Cowdray Park

Lord and Lady Cowdray and their week-end shooting party; besides the host and hostess, the group includes the Hon. John Pearson and the Hon. Nancy Pearson, Lord and Lady Bearsted, Lord and Lady Digby, Colonel the Hon. and Mrs. Piers Legh, Colonel and Mrs. Leatham, Mr. and Mrs. Kindersley, and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Quilter

Lenare

Lady Rosemary Jeffreys and Her Son

Lady Rosemary Jeffreys is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Normanton, and married Mr. Christopher Jeffreys last year. Their son and heir was christened Mark George Christopher; Princess Louise was godmother, and the other godparents were Lady Fox, Miss Jean Goschen, Miss Maureen Gordon, Viscount Somerton, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys' brother, Viscount FitzHarris, and Mr. L. S. Starkey

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

It is a pleasant reminder of spring to see the Lord Chamberlain's announcements about ladies who wish to be presented at Court having to send in their names before January the First. It is also interesting to read that the usual three years which is supposed to lapse between presentations has apparently been reduced to two, and that, in very exceptional cases, it is apparently possible to be presented two years in succession.

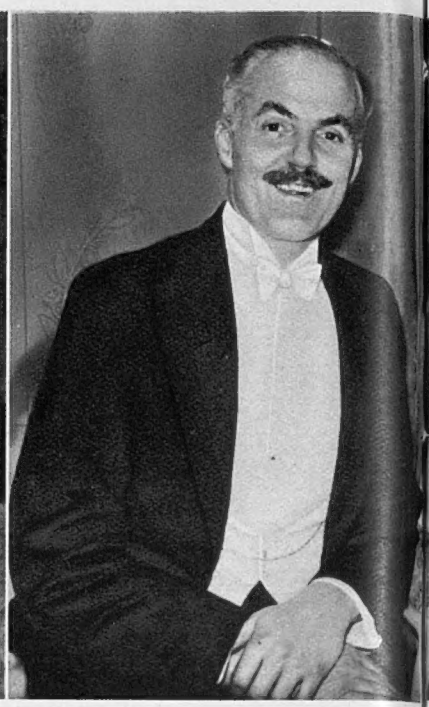
Both Miss Whigham and Lady Joan Villiers will be married before the Courts, and so will, presumably, wish to be presented again after marriage in the usual way. At the moment, each of them is rather wondering where to go for her honeymoon. Miss Whigham and Mr. Sweeny, who will be married in March, are thinking of a honeymoon in Havana and Hot Springs. Lady Joan Villiers and Mr. Colville are thinking about Algeciras.

Mr. Sweeny's engagement party at the Embassy was the first occasion on which flashlight photographers have been allowed to invade this exclusive club. They certainly had a field day. Dinner began at 9.45 p.m., and more than a hundred guests were present. I found myself between Miss Shane Leslie and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, with Miss Audrey Simpson and Mr. Eddie Baron opposite. Husbands and wives had been carefully separated, though engaged couples, of whom there were several, were not parted.

At Mrs. Whigham's table one saw Lord Jersey and Mr. Randolph Churchill, who, later on, went and sat beside Lord Birkenhead, no doubt to discuss their public debate at the Savoy on the following night. I did not go to it, but I was told that while Lord Birkenhead made the better speech, Mr. Churchill's was more assured. It does not surprise one.

ELSEWHERE in the party were Miss Sheila Berry, Miss Pat Charles, the portly Viscount, and the slender Marquis, while dotted round the room at the sofa-tables (and not of the party) were the Grand Duke Dmitri, who laughed for the first time in years; Mrs. Reginald Fellowes; Lord and Lady Plunket; and Mrs. Baillie Hamilton. The evening was further enlivened by the singing and playing of King and Gaile, an American act new to London. Altogether a very gay evening.

THREE days later, Miss Whigham was celebrating her engagement and her twentieth birthday with a party at the Ritz. The previous evening she was at Quaglino's awaiting the departure of the final minutes of her 'teens. At a few minutes to twelve, however, she went off to the Dorchester to appear in a tableau at the St. Andrew's Eve Ball. Also at Quaglino's were that other engaged couple—Lady Joan Villiers and Mr. David Colville. Both pairs are still house-hunting.



At the Radiant Ball at the Dorchester

Mr. Robert Hoare and Miss Susan Wilson, who are to be married early in the New Year; Miss Wilson is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Guy Wilson, and a cousin of Lord Nunburnholme

Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Bingham, and Lady of the Ball, of which the President was dance was arranged in aid of the funds of

Tunbridge

A new photograph of Mr. Terence McKenna's attractive wife, and their daughter, Virginia. Mrs. McKenna, as Anne deNys, has done a good deal of broadcasting, and after Christmas is going back to cabaret work, doing a double-piano turn with her partner, Peggy Cochran

PARTY after party clashed last week. The St. Andrew's Eve affair coincided with a fancy-dress dance which was held at Claridges. The Kandahar dinner clashed with the Sweeny party and the first big reception given by Mr. Mellon at the American Embassy, and also with Lady White-Thomson's party, where the guests were entertained with a brilliant lecture on Fouchet by the Comte de St. Hilaire, Court Chamberlain to the Prince d'Orleans Bourbon.

MORE parties and dances are promised in the near future. This evening there is the "Rum Issue" party at 76, Knightsbridge, and on Monday there is the midnight supper party at the Savoy for the Actors' Benevolent Fund. Soon, too, will come the Victoria League Ball, which Lady Jersey is organising on behalf of her grandmother, the Dowager Lady Jersey, who is President of the League.

ANY number of French people are taking part in the gaiety of the Little Season

"For No Reason At All": A Party at Great

Lady Phyllis Allen, the Earl of Lovelace's younger daughter, at the "For No Reason At All" party

Three more guests at the same party Miss Katherine Horlick, who is his first

Swaebe

Malcolm, who was one of the patronesses H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught; the the London Light and Electrical Clinic

Right: Two more guests at the Radiant Ball: Mr. J. Backhouse and Miss Ann Wilson, Miss Susan Wilson's youngest sister

in London. Among them are M. and Mme Chadourne, who are very well known in Paris. For the benefit of any of you who are going across the Channel in the near future, they tell me that the latest word for

Swaebe

Lord Scarborough and Lady Cromer, the Chairman of the Ball Committee, who received the guests at the Radiant Ball

" marvellous " or " divine " is " mystérieux." " Formidable " is now vulgar, and has gone the way of "epatant," "etonnant," and "merveilleux."

THIS winter a number of people are going further afield than usual to escape the English January. Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and her husband are going big-game shooting. So is Mrs. Corrigan, who is getting up a large party with Count Blixen to blaze the trail. Others

Swaebe

Fosters

at Great Fosters: Mr. Peter Horlick, cousin, and Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg

Left: Lord Cromer and Lady Haigh at supper at the Dorchester: Lord and Lady Cromer entertained a large party, Lady Cromer being the Chairman

Hay Wrightson

The Countess of Cavan before her marriage to the Earl of Cavan, was Lady Joan Mulholland. Lord Cavan has just been made a Field-Marshal, in succession to the late Field-Marshal Lord Methuen

are going on this round-Africa pleasure cruise. Sir Hugh Smiley will be going to the Bermudas for his honeymoon; Mrs. Kenneth Richards is going to Ceylon; Lady Mildred Fitzgerald and Miss Jean Follett have already left for South Africa; Lord and Lady Cranworth have departed for Kenya and the Sudan. And then there are the people who have gone to stay with the Maharajah of Rajpipla.

Lady Ursula Horne and the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Carey, who were three of the organisers of the première, in aid of charity, of " The Return of Raffles " last week, at which the Prince of Wales was present

IT does not surprise me at all that Mockett, the late hall porter at the Savoy Hotel, left over £19,000. Two years ago, the concierge of a Continental hotel put up his job for auction, the reserve price being £4000. Mockett knew everything about London, and could be extraordinarily useful to wealthy American visitors who had no contacts over here but intended to enjoy themselves. But I wonder whether his reminiscences will ever see the light of day? Until recently, they were reposing in a strong box at the hotel he served so well.

ANOTHER of the dinner-parties of last week was given on Wednesday by Sir Abe Bailey to celebrate the engagement of Miss Diana Churchill and his son, John, as well as the birthday of Mr. Winston Churchill. It took place in the Baileys' big double house in Bryanston Square, and there were nearly forty guests, headed by the Duke of Marlborough. Mr. Churchill is now entering his fifty-ninth year.

WEDNESDAY, being St. Andrew's Day, was cold and drizzly at Eton. One of the players was the son of the Headmaster, who was playing third wall for the Oppidans, and certainly justified the school magazine's critique of him that "he never thinks about the comfort of his opponents." I rather like that.

EVERY day it becomes more difficult for organisers to think up new ideas for charity affairs. It only surprises me that no one has yet realised what a fortune could be made out of running a private "tote" club on horse-racing and dog-racing from 1 p.m. to 9.30 p.m., with a champagne buffet to while away the time between races. The organisers could take twenty per cent. of the total bets, instead of the usual ten per cent., and everybody would be happy. The latest "tote" club decision proves again that, as the law stands, they are entirely legal.

MISS KATHERINE HORLICK is, at the moment, struggling to think out novel ideas for her charity affair, which is going to take place at the Casanova restaurant. Short of borrowing Luxor Gali Gali from Ciro's, I cannot imagine anything, except a "tote," which would be a real novelty. And except for King and Gaile, there are no new cabaret acts to draw the town. What, by the way, has happened to Douglas Byng?

SEEN in London: Lady Dumfries playing bridge; Miss Diana Coventry back from Paris; Lady Bridget Poulett eating a piece of birthday cake; Lady Alexander At Home to members of the British Empire Union; Lady Glamis opening the French Market at Grosvenor House; Miss Phyllis Dare in *Words and Music*; Lady Jean Mackintosh at the Café de Paris; Lord and Lady Lloyd off to South Africa; Mr. Evelyn Waugh off to British Guiana; Alanova changing her mind at Waterloo Station; Lady Brougham and Vaux; Lord Brougham and Vaux.

DECEMBER 14TH is the day fixed for the Amateur Boxing Tournament at the Albert Hall in aid of the Royal Free Hospital. A tremendous programme has been arranged, with a team of Dutch boxers competing, to give an international flavour to the affair, in addition to those from the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Civil Service. To take tickets for this combines charity with an exciting evening's entertainment.

TWO charity functions are worthy of attention. There is the Golf Ball, in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, on December 15th, at Grosvenor House (tickets a guinea each), which should be as amusing as it was last year, and the auction will be the only interruption to the dancing between 10 p.m. and 3 a.m., though many other attractions and competitions will be found in the adjoining ball-room.

The other is the Grand Ice Ballet at the Ice-Drome, Hammersmith, on Monday, December 19th, in aid of the Nervous Diseases Hospital, Regent's Park, in which Freda Whitaker will appear and the largest ballet ever produced in England on ice, while prizes will be given for various competitions. The tickets (including skating) cost 7s. 6d. each.

A Golden Jubilee

Above: Sir William Noble, Miss Doris Hirst, and Mr. Theodore Baron at the celebrations for the fiftieth year of Sir Hugo Hirst's connection with the electrical industry

Right: Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Leslie Gamage, Sir Hugo Hirst's daughters, at the dance held at Covent Garden, which was attended by 1600 members of the General Electric Company's staff

Sasha

November the Thirtieth

Lord and Lady Grenfell at Eton for the annual Wall Game, played on St. Andrew's Day, which ended in a pointless draw for the fourth year running

A Correction

WE regret that in our issue of November 16th a photograph of Mrs. Ivar Bryce was wrongly designated as Miss Ivor Brice, and we would also like to make it clear that this lady is a member of the old and distinguished Brazilian family of de Sá, and is no relation to any Argentine Minister; also, that through a typographical error, the name of Lord Woolavington under a photograph was wrongly spelt in our November 30 issue.

Many Happy Returns

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava's Birthday Party

Lady Dufferin and Ava's twenty-fifth birthday was celebrated last week by a party at Quaglino's; in the photograph above she is with Lord George Cholmondeley, who is on her left, and the Marquis de Paravicini

Below are the Countess of Abingdon and the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava sitting at dinner together

Three more of the guests at the birthday party were the Countess of Lytton and Viscount and Viscountess Churchill

Above: Lord Dufferin's mother, the Dowager Lady Dufferin and Ava, talking to the Earl of Ancaster

Left: Major-General Sir Cecil Lowther between Lady Lowther and the Countess of Birkenhead

A combined group of the A and B crews of the Oxford University trial eights, taken at Henley. In the centre are Colonel Gibbon, Coach, and W. D. C. Erskine Crum, President

The Cowdray Foxhounds on the way to the meet at Burton Park, near Petworth, Sussex

Col. Hancock, Major H. Beaumont (the host), and Comdr. Bayldon, R.N., at the Field Spaniel Society's Eighth Trial Meeting, held at Danesfield, Marlow

A SPORTFOLIO

Out and About Everywhere

N. K. Lamport, who captained Oxford in the "Rugger" match, against Cambridge yesterday

Major Harbord helping the Countess of Munster to adjust her harness at the meet of the Quorn at Beeby

Terriers being transported in a somewhat novel manner on a bicycle made for three to the Croombe Hunt Meet. They seem to take kindly to travelling

Below: Miss Guest, the Master, and Mr. de Pellet, photographed at the meet of Miss Guest's Foxhounds at Wraxall Cross Roads, Somerset

Mrs. Charles Pym, Mr. Peter Paget, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Broughton, and Mrs. E. C. Kellett photographed at the Quorn Meet at Pawdey Cross Roads

A Hunting engagement: Mr. J. M. Barwick, Joint Master of Bedale Hunt, seen with his fiancée, Miss "Rhona" Burdon, daughter of Major W. W. Burdon, Mr. Barwick's fellow-Master

The "A" Cambridge Trial Eight practising on the Adelaide course on the Ouse, below Ely

Left: Miss Molly Gourlay, presiding at the Sportsman's Stall at the P.D.S.A annual Christmas Market at the Albert Hall, showing a bat to Mr. M. S. Nicholls, the Essex cricketer, while Miss Doris Chambers looks on from behind

D. M. Marr, the Cambridge Captain in the match against Oxford, which took place on the Twickenham ground yesterday

Sandown Park was unlucky for seven of the eleven runners in the Barnes Hurdle race, the first event in the Kempton Park Meeting, which was held at Esher owing to the burnt-out Kempton stand. The photograph above shows the beginning of the crash at the first hurdle, when seven horses came down

Kempton Moves to Sandown

Ups and Downs at the November Meeting

Baroness Beaumont and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwaite, who are both enthusiastic regulars

And so are Mr. and Mrs. Robin Bushman; Mrs. Bushman, before her marriage in the spring, was Miss Leslie Lampson

Extreme left: Mrs. Elliott and Major W. Holland in the paddock at Sandown

Left: Mrs. Beard, who took no risks about the coldness of the day, is with Captain E. W. Patterson

Right: The Earl of Galloway, Miss Burns and Miss Cicely Villiers were three more of those who followed Kempton Park to its temporary home

A Racing Reverie: *By "Regular"*

Taking the first fence at Hurst Park in the Amateurs' Handicap Steeplechase: Ross Mill (3), Smoky Moke (8) and Southern Gun (9). The race was won by Mr. E. C. Paget's Colenso

Also at Hurst Park: A photograph of Mrs. Tabor and Sir Francis Toule in earnest conversation

WITH sterling still falling and our bookmakers' bills still rising, one might have expected many of the Regulars to give Manchester a miss, but it takes more than these two calamities to get us down, and the assembly was thoroughly representative. Furthermore, the presence of Lady Ashley and Lady Plunket made even grimy Castle Irwell seem a pleasant place to lose in.

WE Britons are always seen at our best when our backs are to the wall, and Friday night, at the Midland Hotel, was further evidence of our determination to go down with corks popping, to the accompaniment of music supplied by Sir Richard Sykes.

IT was a great evening, but I have never found the breaking of crockery really adds much to one's enjoyment. Obviously, though, judged by Manchester standards, I am decidedly old-fashioned, as the dance floor, towards the end of the evening, resembled the now defunct Bobbin when plate-throwing was at its height.

IT 's all over now, the last one 's out, our bookmaker has made a clean job of it. We may find it a little difficult to eat for a bit, but we shall soon get used to it.

HOW many of us, as we left Manchester, were reminded of a visit to the dentist, when our bookmaker, with a new patent instrument of torture, called Hypostyle, had extracted the last tooth, leaving us with gums bare and without the wherewithal to purchase a new set.

EIGHT long months has he devoted to getting us into this toothless condition, but it seems a century of endless pain since, by the agency of Jerome Fandor, we lost a quite unimportant molar of the wisdom variety on the "windswept Carholme" in March.

SINCE then hardly a week has passed without fresh pain. But away, dull care! let us attempt to grin through our toothless gums, for the steeplechasing season is with us, and if all the information I have received concerning our jumpers can be relied on—and I 'm sure it can—we shall have a brand new set by Christmas—yes, and the wherewithal to keep them fully employed.

NEVER before have I been given so many horses to follow with such boundless confidence from reliable sources, and, really, it seems a shame to take the money when we have so many certainties running for us in the course of the next few months. Of course, it 's a little annoying to have lent the bookmakers next year's income as well as this, but, after all, as we shall have redeemed it all long before next March, it doesn't really matter very much, and, profiting by our mistakes of the past season, the next flat season will be a bumper one. So, when you come to think of it, everything has happened for the best!

OLD jumpers, like old soldiers, never die, but it came as something of a surprise to be informed that Gib was better than ever, and a certainty very soon. In the past I have always thought that Gib's appearance resembled the kind of horse whose business it is to air the clothes on washing-day. I was told, though, that, like Mr. Cochran, his trainer preferred them thin.

A VERY appropriate horse for us to follow at the moment is Go Easy. I am assured that he will have won a race before these lines appear in print, but that doesn't matter, as he 's sure to win again.

IN the same stable—in my opinion, the best-run jumping stable in England—under the care of W. Payne, we find our old friends Blaris, Colliery Band and Royal Scot, belonging to that great sportswoman, Mrs. Hollins—the doyen of all the Jumping Girls.

I WISH I could tell you the story of Mrs. Hollins's umbrella, but as it was told me in the champagne bar, and the lady behind the bar overheard it and blushed, I fear I must refrain, and content myself with saying that Mrs. Hollins is very fond of it, and has had it covered several times.

THE best judge of jumping I know tells me that I must never leave Landseer out. I must say that a few months ago he said the same thing about My Tutor, but My Tutor is a ———! Sixteen years ago I was beaten very hard indeed for making that identical remark. Nevertheless, I mean to forgive him his lapse over My Tutor, and follow Landseer, while Kellsboro Jack is also going to assist in getting our losses back.

BEFORE we dismiss the flat altogether I must tell you a little more of Manchester, which really contained one big thrill; in fact, next to April the Fifth's Derby reception and Limelight's Ascot ovation, it was the most wonderful scene of enthusiasm on a race-course this year.

I REFER, of course, to Heronslea's magnificent victory under the crushing weight of 10 stone 7 lb., which, incidentally, gave Peacock his hundredth winner; and how the crowd cheered! Fancy Lancashire cheering Yorkshire! They will be clapping Sutcliffe at Old Trafford next.

A FEW weeks ago I thought that Heronslea had trained off and was past his best, but Peacock had nursed him back to form, and in this, the closing race of his long and honourable career, he once again proved himself a really great horse.

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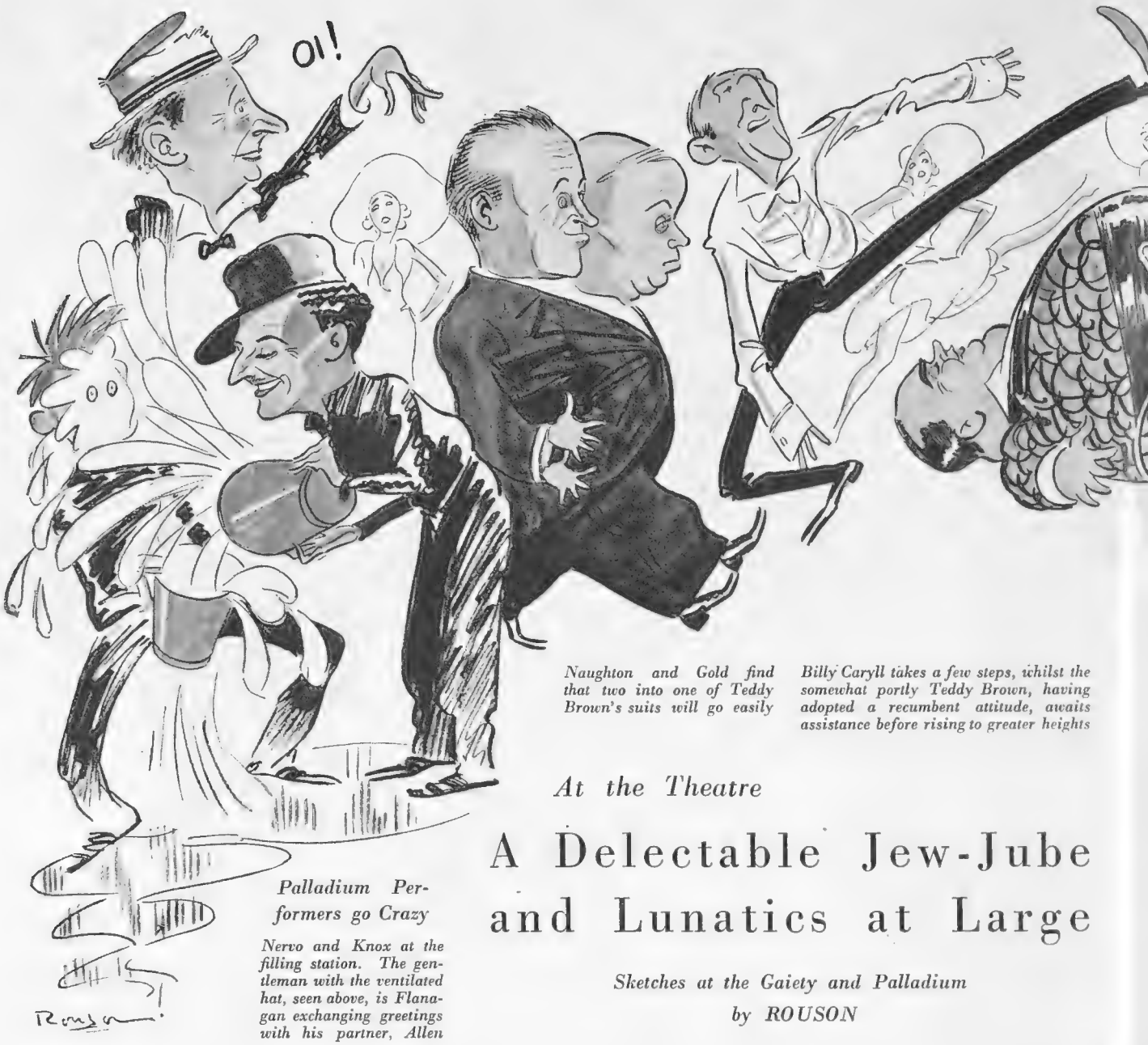


Naughton and Gold find that two into one of Teddy Brown's suits will go easily

Billy Caryll takes a few steps, whilst the somewhat portly Teddy Brown, having adopted a recumbent attitude, awaits assistance before rising to greater heights

Palladium Performers go Crazy

Nervo and Knox at the filling station. The gentleman with the ventilated hat, seen above, is Flanagan exchanging greetings with his partner, Allen

At the Theatre

A Delectable Jew-Jube and Lunatics at Large

Sketches at the Gaiety and Palladium

by ROUSON

"Potash and Perlmutter"

BEFORE the great American invasion, when the wisecrack swept upon these shores on the flood-tide of jazz, to be caught up and magnified by gramophone and microphone, our old friends, Potash and Perlmutter, were reckoned a pretty quick-starting pair. Their backchat when they both lost their tempers and jabbered simultaneously was as tricky to follow as the operation of a zip-fastener. In those days the American-Hebrew comedian had not encroached from the halls to the legitimate; neither had the world's curiosity been aroused by that musical paradox, "Yes, We Have No Bananas." Although that masterpiece, if I remember rightly, originated in Woppish, not Yiddish, topsy-turvydom, it carried gibberish a step further in the League of Nonsense. But, despite the ravages of time, assisted by black-faced crosstalkers, this Jew-Jube still remains a succulent morsel. Compared with *Broadway*, the slickest thing of our generation, the tempo seems a mere presto, but that does not signify any outcome of Anno Domini on the partners. As far as memory can tell, Augustus Yorke and Robert Leonard quibble, quarrel, and make it up again with all the old gusto. It must be that the listener's ear is quicker in the uptake, that 's all.

The old favourite can still gallop with the best. The wisecracks have mellowed, time having sharpened the edge of the back answer and given it new twists of rudery, but the retort discourteous is seldom the retort obvious. When poor old Potash, who always puts his foot into it, hurries the young Polish book-keeper, "wanted" for a bomb outrage, off to Canada, and nearly loses the firm's 20,000-dollars bail, Perlmutter forgives him in a flash of native generosity. "I blame myself," he says, and then adds, wit triumphing, "I 've got more brains than you. I ought to have seen you didn't make a fool of yourself." And so the quick-fire duel goes on, Potash behind on the exchanges, the furrows deepening on his kindly brow as one financial disaster follows another; Perlmutter, the keener spirit, lashing the friend of his bosom unmercifully, but always ready to show the hand of friendship when the wind of misfortune is too strong for the shorn lamb. That the old firm should go bankrupt, that the young Pole should be guilty of bomb-throwing, and so be torn from the arms of Miss Potash—the very nature of the piece sweeps such unpleasant contingencies firmly aside. Honesty, loyalty, and courage are the watchwords, and all roads lead towards the happy ending. The Pole, being guilty only of making music and needing a hair-cut, returns in the nick of time to answer to his bail; Potash and his faithful spouse, Rosie, are secure in the tenure of a home twice mortgaged—by Abe, to satisfy a pack of howling creditors; by Rosie to pay her bridge debts. Perlmutter and the new dress-designer face matrimony with bankruptcy no longer the skeleton at the wedding feast. The firm of Potash and Perlmutter, with the future Mrs. Perlmutter's genius for twisting a two-year-old model into the year after next's by tearing off the sleeves and turning black velveteen inside out to show a white satin lining, will continue to create models which will send Chicago crazy with delight. So be it!

This being a two-man show, Messrs.

Eddie Gray, the world's worst ringmaster, but by no means the world's worst comedian

The G.O.M. of the Show. Aye, lad, it's Champion, Harry!

Yorke and Leonard commandeer the lion's share of the tributes for services rendered. They deserve them, too. Have a thigar—both of you!

More Bats in the Palladium Belfry

If ever a box should be provided at the Palladium for the Commissioners of Lunacy, I trust these gentlemen will come away without making a committal order against Mr. Manager Parry (whose top hat I secretly admire almost as much as Mr. Frank Boor's) and his gang. The removal of Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allen, Naughton and Gold, Billy Caryll and Hilda Mundy, Eddie Gray and his moustache, and Teddy Brown and his avoirdupois would bring gloom into a myriad homes. Some spark of immortal fire would die out in the temple of art if Knox lost his Nervo, or Nervo were immune from Knocks. But how thankfully the Goddess of Classical Dancing would resume her pedestal, conscious that never more would her dignity be assailed by the spectacle of two ballet lunatics divided by a single eurhythmic balloon! Of the genius of these two prize buffoons for interruption interspersed with their own tit-bits of knockabout burlesque; of the rubicund excrescence above the drooping languor of the Gray moustachios; of Naughton's resilience and Gold's lisp (or is it vice versa?); of all the other symptoms of communal lunacy I will not insult the intelligent low-brow who knows his "Crazy Months" by idle repetition. For the laugh that is loud but not lewd permit me to direct you to Oxford Circus. Once there, be prepared to find Nervo and Knox tampering with the traffic lights in Teddy Brown's other suit. "Crazy Month" is a game played, like lacrosse, without bounds. When allowed by the inmates to do their stuff without interference or other atmospherics, various performers give proof of their talent and sanity: notably the Colleano family in song, dance, and acrobatics; Toni Raglan, who emulates Teddy Brown's xylophone with rows of jam-jars; and Cardini, the conjuror, who performs miracles with cards and cigarettes. As one lunatic to another, I can only repeat the ancient advice—"Come inside." TRINCULO.

Cardini, the ace of conjurors, who really is the ace of conjurors. He must be seen to be believed, and not always then

"Potash and Perlmutter," at the Gaiety

Those inseparables, Perlmutter (Robert Leonard) and Potash (Augustus Yorke) await the customer's decision. Mr. Pasinksi (Joe Hayman) is inspecting the latest designs of Ruth Goldman (Ellen Pollock) on a very striking model

Sir John Simeon, Captain R. A. Peto, the Rt. Hon. Major-General J. E. B. Seely, Colonel Morrison Bell, Mr. S. H. Rowbotham, and Mr. Aubrey Wykeham, six of the guns at Sir John Simeon's pheasant shoot, which was held at the Swainston Estate, near Yarmouth, I.o.W.

Westminster Whispers

The Decay of Parliament

By "Big Ben"

PARLIAMENT grows duller and duller every week—so much so that it is impossible to write about it and what is going on there without becoming a bore oneself. The truth is that the heart has gone out of Parliament. The House of Commons used to be, has always been, the centre of Government. It is so no longer. No. 10 Downing Street and the Bank of England are the centres of national affairs to-day.

THE Commons have even acknowledged the fact and surrendered. Last week, quite solemnly, Members settled down and discussed the London Passenger Transport Bill. In the proper time and place, doubtless an admirable and important measure, but London transport is hardly the problem of the hour. The nation wants its representatives to discuss at Westminster the topics it is itself discussing at home. London's transport is a parochial matter, and, to take up the time of the House on it is a deliberate attempt to bring Parliament into disrespect.

MR. MAXTON protested on these lines the week before last. No one paid any attention. But Maxton was right. He is far more a leader of the Opposition than Mr. Lansbury. It is almost a cliché to say that Jimmy Maxton is the most popular man in the Commons. He has been for many years. He remains so, though quite unspoilt by popularity. Would he, I wonder, be spoilt by success?

THE American Debt occupies everyone's mind. To pay or not to pay?—that is the question. And most of us feel capable of giving a satisfactory answer to it. The wisest course is, I am sure, to wait and see, though I hear from someone who is very near to the Chancellor that we shan't pay without a long and strenuous struggle.

How are political catch-phrases born? "Wait and see"; "Hang the Kaiser"; "Homes for Heroes"—they will live for all time. In the last few years, "Rabbits out of a hat"—the Socialist Mr. Shaw's classic reply to a demand for a solution for unemployment—is the only one that comes to my mind.

ELECTION stories pass on from generation to generation, but the 1929 Election provided an addition to the list. One Conservative candidate caused a sensation at his eve-of-the-poll meeting by ending his peroration with: "If you vote for me, ladies and gentlemen, you vote for the Conservative Party, whose leader, let it be remembered, is King George the Fifth, and whose policy is the maintenance of God, King, and Country." All of no avail. The electors of that particular constituency would have nothing to do with him.

LADY ASTOR had an election story of herself last year. It concerns a sailor, a woman, a front room, and a small child. It convulsed the House, but it would do much more than that to me if I were to tell it you here.

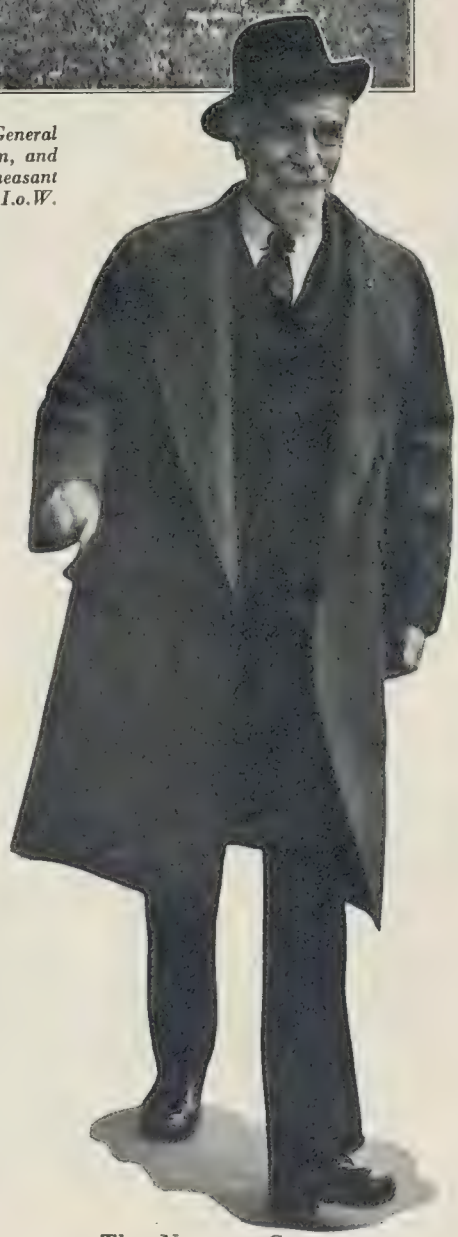
"SHORTER and better speeches" is the slogan of Colonel Moore-Brabazon. He practises the first part of his formula assiduously, but he should know that a speech in the House requires as careful preparation as a run down the Cresta. He is one of the Government's candid friends.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is another; so are Sir Robert Horne and Lord Winterton, though they are all partially discounted by being ex-Ministers. There is always a feeling that once a man has held office he will move heaven and earth to get back to his old position.

I HAVE been re-reading Mr. Churchill's biography of his father. What a tragedy Lord Randolph's life was! There has been nothing so disastrous in history as his political suicide, either before or since, with the exception, perhaps, of Sir Oswald Mosley, who had the world in his grasp and deliberately turned away. Such careers are more pathetic in retrospect, for we see then the wonderful opportunities the future held in store for these men if only they had been possessed of patience.

THE two men of our own time who have stepped out of political life when they seemed to have brilliant prospects before them are Mr. McKenna, who preferred to take the great prizes business offered him rather than devote his talents to the service of the State, and Sir Patrick Hastings, who was the victim of political chicanery of a singularly nasty kind. You can read all about it in John Scanlon's book, *The Decline and Fall of the Labour Party.*

SCANLON was secretary to Hastings and John Wheatley. His admiration for both is unbounded. The decline of the Labour Party, he says, began when Socialist Ministers took to tall hats. In a foreword he states: "Few of the characters in this book are real people. They are mostly politicians." A little unkind, don't you think?



The Norman Conquest

The Press proclaimed the fact, as if it were unusual, that Mr. Montagu Norman, seen above, recently visited Downing Street, regardless of the fact that the Governor of the Bank of England is in constant communication with the Treasury

"In A Persian Garden"

A Devonshire In-Aid-Of

Miss Betty Balfour, Miss Rachel Molesworth, Miss Cynthia Bryan, and Miss Betty Fowke were the four canopy-bearers to the Ranee of the Persian Garden; this musical tableau was in aid of the Devon Nursing Association

Lady Diana Wellesley and Miss Chris More-Molyneux were both in the show: with them are Lieut. A. K. Boswell and Sub.-Lt. H. G. Watkins

Lady Janet Montgomerie was one of the very decorative ladies who attended the Ranee, played by Lady Anne Wellesley

Lady Waleran was another who took part; she was photographed at the dance which followed, with Mr. Gandy

The organiser of the party, which took place at Exeter, was the Hon. Mrs. Adams, Lord Waleran's mother, who lives at Cullompton. She was photographed singing with the band while dancing was going on, after the performance

Some of the audience at supper later on in the evening, including Mr. P. K. N. Parker, Mr. R. Kennaway, Mrs. Dennison, Miss Diana Gatacre, Miss Gatacre, Mr. R. H. Johnstone, and Miss Jessica Waddeson

Photos by Swaebe

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

A. V. Swaebe

Lady Elizabeth Murray and Miss Rosemary Villiers both took part in "In a Persian Garden," when it was produced at Exeter in aid of the Devon Nursing Association. With them are Mr. Y. Thomson (left) and Mr. Taylor

I WONDER if it is true that good dressing to-day means great neatness more than anything else? Mme. Dubonnet, who is noted as one of the best-dressed women in the world, is certainly neat and tidy to the last fair hair. The Marquise de Casa Maury is like her in this particular, and so is Mrs. Reggie Fellowes.

THIS team spirit is creeping into the newspapers. A little while ago we heard of nothing but the Charles sisters. Sorry! I think the Beaton sisters were first. Then we had the Sweeny brothers; and now we have got the Simpson sisters—all three of them.

WHY do people often wear such odd clothes to attend a meet? Lord Hardinge affects a tweed cap, and his wife a square-crowned felt. Lady Stratheden's turned-up felt riding-hat is not to everybody's taste, but Lord and Lady Cromwell are generally well-turned out, and so is Lord Cobham.

AFTER sheep-like expressions from thin eyebrows on thin lovelies for several years, it is a joy to see some people with expressions and eyebrows. The Marchesa Malacrida, whom I always admire, has got decided eyebrows, rather broad and thick. Lady Nunburnholme's are straight and very well marked. So are the Duchess of York's.

I HEAR another little Guinness won't do us any harm.

MR. MICHAEL GOLD is a gay and charming young man. There are a lot about at the moment, but not all so gay as they might be, what with one girl and another. However, Mr. Peter Stewart has always a broad smile, and Mr. Ralph Cobbold is happy to be well again.

THERE seems to be an epidemic of rows between young married women. Two brunettes are at it—a blonde and a brown—and two "at-the-present-platinums" are definitely dangerous.

MRS. ROBIN D'ERLANGER is clever, and I don't think some people even yet realise how very intelligent she is—especially at organising. Her sister-in-law, Miss Edythe Baker that was, is, I hear, having a grand success these days.

HAS an ominous crack in a much-talked-about ménage been riveted?

ISN'T a pretty little lady boasting of her capture to her very dearest friends just a teeny-tiny bit too soon? After all, she isn't quite free yet, though he is.

I DON'T think the new gloves are very becoming—the velvet ones. They look thick and rather clumsy even on the Duchess of Sutherland's lovely arms. I can't imagine Mrs. Cunningham-Reid's shapely hands in them, or Tilly Losch's expressive fingers thus clumsily confined. Velvet gloves, like long skirts, should be kept for those who need them.

LADY BERRY is a good hostess, and her shooting luncheons are well worth eating, believe me! She is very good-looking in the statuesque style. Sir Gomer Berry is a most interesting man, with a great sense of humour.

I DO agree that it is most upsetting for all the other mothers that Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston looks as young as her daughter, Mrs. Grant Morgan.

I DO agree that Lady Anne Wellesley and David Rhys are both charming, and absurdly good-looking. I do agree that a young man nearly titled is making a fool of himself.

A "DARLING" person—Mrs. Colclough.
A "sweet" person—Miss Joan Barry.
A "dear" person—Lady Castlerosse.

"PURPLE and fine linen" always sounds so magnificent, doesn't it? I don't know about the fine linen, but Lady Lindsay-Hogg looks lovely in the purple dresses she has been wearing lately. She has one with cock's-feather epaulettes, and another one with enormous tulle and lace sleeves.

WE all wept when lovely Mrs. Cornelius and her good-looking husband left us to go out to Cairo. They have been here, there, and everywhere since they arrived. No one has copied her real diamond comb, which, with her fresh orchids, has been inseparable from her.

I PREFER Lady Mount-Temple in flowered dresses to sequins.

I prefer Lady Melchett's hair at its shortest rather than at its longest.

I prefer Mrs. Murphy in black and not brown.

And I should like a certain much-talked-about better in her white satin dress if her suspenders didn't show through.

IT is splendid to have our one and only Rosita with us again. Back from strange lands and even stranger adventures, Rosita Forbes, with her courage and determination, her frail, pastel appearance, and her infectious gaiety, is quite unlike anyone else.

IS a tall, thin peer angry?
Is a pretty, hard-working blonde diffident?
Is a brunette anxious?
Is a tip-tilted-nosed one lookin' around?

London Close-ups

At the top is Lady Haddington, and below her in order are Lady Blandford, Lady Jersey, Lady Fox, and Mrs. Euan Wallace

An Impression by Pat Charles of the latest Fiancés and Fiancées

The Passing Picture Show

Chevalier—

Left: Charlie Ruggles gets together pretty quick with Kathleen Burke after she arrives in Hollywood. She has been chosen by Paramount to play the Panther Woman in "Island of Lost Souls," with Charles Laughton

By Sydney Tremayne

He Falls for the "Panther Woman"

THERE is at least one strictly observed convention in the fantastic mushroom citadel which is Hollywood: on this convention is based the whole system of "making stars," by which Hollywood lives. It can be summed up in one word: repetition. If you discover an actor or actress who scores a success in any particular rôle, he or she must go on playing the same part till the end of their Hollywood life.

Janet Gaynor once rebelled, but they soon brought her back to heel. Boris Karloff, condemned to disguise himself more and more monstrously since his *Dracula* and *Frankenstein* successes, is one of the most tragic examples. We know that Garbo, Dietrich and Bankhead have been cast for ever as tarnished ladies, and that William K. Robinson's name on a bill is a guarantee of a gangster picture.

The formula is to change the title of the picture; change the tunes, if there are tunes, just a little; alter the milieu, but to keep the plot and the situations and the actors' rôles strictly within the limits of previous success.

That this is really a short-sighted policy, and that the public soon tire of this repetitive appeal to their sheepishness, has not yet dawned on Hollywood, where, puzzled and bemused by falling profits, they are busy stopping up every crack in a vain attempt to keep out the draught, instead of opening their studios and their eyes and ears to the fresh air of growing public sophistication. One day they will discover that man cannot live by stars alone, especially stars doing the same thing over and over again.

IN the meantime, we have to consider what filmic fare is put before us at its familiar face value. Once more in *Love Me To-night* Chevalier is a consort or, rather, during the course of the picture, the potential consort, of a Laughter Princess. Jeanette Macdonald has played this part so often that one has almost begun to believe that this mixture of Beatrice, the Shrew, Ruritanian Highness and Goldilocks-Goldilocks is some sort of new synthetic Princess such as Henry Ford might turn out should the world return to Royalism and demand a large supply of quite ridiculous Royal Ladies.

Mamoulian, who made *Love Me To-night*, is a director of real imagination and technical ingenuity. There is not an awful lot

"Cavalcade" became so much part of London while it was on here that the film version of it will have to be very criticism-proof before it will please us. Anyway, Una O'Connor and Herbert Mundin have hailed a very authentic-looking growler

And here are the same two, Herbert Mundin and Una O'Connor, in their public-house, which also looks pretty O.K., and full of the right beer, atmosphere, and regular customers. Una O'Connor plays the same part as she did in the stage production at Drury Lane

London in Hollywood: Scenes from the Film Version

The Gay Adventurer

She Elects Her President

George M. Cohan and Claudette Colbert in "The Phantom President," the Paramount Comedy which has been on at the Plaza. George M. Cohan is well known in America as an actor, playwright and composer, as well as a film star

to be done with so invariable a star as Jeanette Macdonald—golden curls, big eyes, lots of teeth, playing for at least the third time a modernised she-stoops-to-conquer-and-be-conquered rôle, with the ex-café-chantant Chevalier exploiting his now almost legendary charm, his French accent and his plugged ditties with the inevitable mésalliance end in view—but what there was to do Mamoulian has done by means of touches of imagery and fantasy and the brilliant manipulation of photographic effects and slow- and high-speed motion.

Virtually, he has turned this banal and oft-told tale into a modern fairy story and has given it rhythm and a pattern. What charm it consequently has is really independent of the stars whose names outside the Carlton presumably call up the queues and keep the box-office personnel off the dole.

There are some witty and rather more naughty lines in *Love Me To-night*; the theme-song and "Mimi" will make Christmas holidays monstrously melodious. It is fair to say that Chevalier plays up to his director and shows that he *can* do more in the acting line than tip a straw hat over one eye and comically distort his body for his entrances and exits.

But the cream of this entertainment is thickest during the opening sequences, when the wakening of Paris is both seen and heard; the little sounds, such as a cobbler's hammering and the rasping of a knife-grinder's wheel, gradually grow and accumulate, and are welded into the rhythmic pulse of a great city's life; and in the depiction of a comic stag hunt, in which high-speed and slow-motion photography, with musical accompaniment, is most ingeniously and amusingly applied.

Chevalier, as the tailor forced into the assumption of the rôle of a Baron, and having no equestrian education, is mounted on a demon horse called Solitude—because he always comes home alone. His disappearance into the distance at the rate of an express train, and glimpses of the man and horse flashing through the countryside form a true film comedy.

The hunt begins, and the stag literally dances and bounds to music through the woodland scenery. That various members of the hunt persistently over-ride hounds could not offend the strictest conventionalist from the shires, because this is palpably a dream-hunt. Finally, Princess Macdonald enters a sort of Hansel and Gretel cottage in the wood, and finds the bedraggled and dishevelled Baron-Tailor feeding the poor little stag from a plate because he is so tired and hungry. He shoos away the bloodthirsty members of the hunt who have survived the musical ride, and their re-mounting and retirement into the wooded distance is given a finally dream-like quality by the use of slow-motion photography.

And so on—Chevalier, the gay adventurer, wins his ridiculous Princess in this fairy story to which children can safely take their parents. The honours of refurbishing the old story with new scenes and decorations go to the director, but if only high-brows know that directors exist, and the public only wants its stars, they are here, and the public is at liberty to ignore the directorial firmament in which they shine.

of Noel Coward's "Cavalcade"

Two warranted-pre-war taxis that were taken out to Hollywood, with Captain Reginald Berkeley, the author of the screen script, Una O'Connor and Merle Tottenham

The Hollywood version of Birdcage Walk, plus a victoria driving by, but which bit of Birdcage Walk it is, it's a trifle hard to say. Above, in the circle, are Diana Wynyard, who takes Mary Clare's part in the film, and Clive Brook, who appears as her husband

If Gossip We

The Financial Hullabaloo—Savages at Play—The Theatre in the Doldrums—

The Cambridge Footlights Club are busy rehearsing "Cinderella" for Christmas, with an all-male cast. The picture (right) shows the Fairy Godmother (W. R. Nicholls) visiting the manly Cinderella (Paul Stephenson)

Below: This picture shows another scene from the Footlights' pantomime, with Cinderella's famous coach, with animal attached, doing a turn on its own

The Footlights Re-lit at Cambridge Without

FINANCE, 'flu, and freezing weather marked November's dreary exit. And the greatest nuisance of these was finance, because we do not normally expect to be given, at this time of year, additional unpleasantness in the form of money squabbles with our creditors across the Atlantic.

If any of the let 's-be-friends - at - any - price gang criticise as untimely a revival of *The Merchant of Venice*, let it be remembered that the term, "Uncle Shylock," in reference to war debts, was used first by America and not by ourselves.

There are circumstances in which any price may be too high. But, on the whole (as I write, the matter is still under discussion), I think we could do nothing better at the present juncture than to repeat the words used some fifteen years ago on behalf of America by the late President Wilson, her spokesman at the time—"Too proud to fight."

America was then "too proud" to send men to Europe. So can we be "too proud" to fight and to wrangle over these debt adjustments, which never could have arisen had we not been busy financing the greater part of the civilised world until the moment America chose to decide to be a little less proud and a little more martial.

I suppose we should be too proud to remember that very many millions more than the present debt instalment is the sum that has been owed to us by America since the days of our great-grandfathers. Then, certain States simply "defaulted"—and that was that. That action plunged a good many English families into poverty, from which their descendants still suffer. But America is much too proud to remind us, or her own people, of that.

Mrs. Cleaver, Lord Decies, Anny Ahlers, J. A. Mollison, and host Stanley Scott, seen left

At "The Dubarry" Birthday Party

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Tearle are quite unable to conceal the whole of Mr. Aubrey Hammond at "The Dubarry" birthday party given by Stanley Scott

Champagne and Port-ly

THE Savages the other night came out of their lair, kraal, or whatever it is, in Adelphi Terrace to celebrate the

Must

A Wonderful Veteran

Left: James Raglan and Frances Doble seizing the opportunity "While Parents Sleep," now running at the Garrick Theatre

Feminine Aid

fact that the Club is seventy-five years young. Members brought themselves and their women-folk (or other people's women-folk), and all went well.

I have seen club gatherings of this type display an awkward assortment of ill-fitting dress-suits and still worse-fitting wives. But the Bohemian of 1932 is not the Bohemian of pre-war days. It is more domesticated and it is better dressed.

The Savage Club gathers into its fold those who are professionally occupied with art, literature, music, drama and science. I was interested to note that in this mixed assembly, at the Savoy, of close on six hundred, it was the scientists who had assembled the largest parties. There must be money in it.

Princess Arthur of Connaught was among the guests. Prince Arthur had, I regretted to learn, injured his back: he is a member of the Club, as is his father, the Duke of Connaught, and as is the Prince of Wales. The King, as Prince of Wales, was a member for some years and presented the Club with a massive silver cigar-box, which is used regularly.

We hear so often that the theatre is moribund and that the talkies are sweeping all before them that I, who have, as Mr. Dooley said, "a quite open mind, with a bias in one direction" (that direction

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Nowall Downes at the christening of their son, who is being held by Grandpapa Phillips Oppenheim. Mrs. Oppenheim is seated left

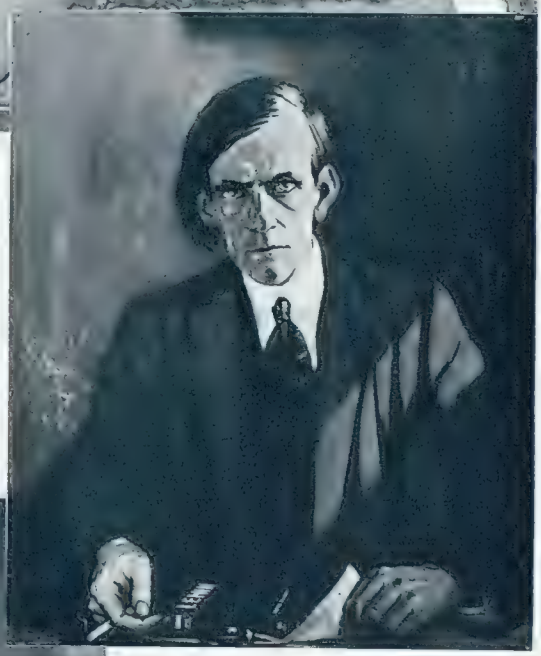
"In the Stilly Watches"

Circle, above: F. Yeats Brown, author of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," discusses with Nancy Carroll the filming of his story, which is being done at Hollywood

being the theatre), grow sad when a show is produced which lets the theatre down with a dull bump.

I looked in at the Alhambra for the first night of *A Kiss in Spring*, and, frankly, I wished I hadn't. To my expert colleague I leave the

A Novelist's Grandchild



"I'm Watching You!"

This is our title to the portrait painted by Mr. Douglas Macleod of Mr. James Maxton, M.P., for the artist calls it "The Visionary." It is a study in black and—needless to add—red

unenviable task of criticising this show in detail. What is, in a general sense, amazing, is that Sir Oswald Stoll and his A.D.C.'s should not have spotted the deadly dullness of it before the curtain rose at the première.

I admit that, in the theatre, prophecy is impossible; the man who can foretell exactly what the public will like and to what extent they will like it has not appeared yet, and if he did he would retire a millionaire after a couple of years.

But there are things which surely *can* be spotted as obvious trials and tribulations. When

Walter Bird

A New Recruit to "Non-Stop"

Stanelli and Margaret Cave, who are now appearing at the Vaudeville Theatre. Stanelli is well known to Radio enthusiasts, and appears in the B.I.P. picture, "Radio Revue," which includes many of the leading B.B.C. artistes

these things are produced, the theatre as a whole—or, if you like, the Drama, with a big, big D—feels the shock. And several thousands are added to the fast-growing list of those who say, "Oh, I never go to the theatre nowadays. Give me the films, any old how."

Fortunately for Sir Oswald, he has film interests as well.

ODES OF ENVY

The Dramatic Critic

YOUR Critic, one may well suppose,
Enjoys a splendid time,
His life is all couleur de rose,
His happiness sublime.
For every week he visits shows
Of music, dance, and mime.

The morning dash to catch the train,
The cheerless trip to town,
He views with but a cold disdain
And supercilious frown.
Then just turns round to snooze again
Beneath the eiderdown.

But when the lights o' London glare
He sallies forth in state
To grace some West-End première,
And if he turns up late,
The managers in wild despair,
His lordly presence wait.

The final curtain down, he'll sit
With jewelled pen and write,
"This play lacks cleverness and wit,
The dialogue's not bright.
In fact, the show lacks 'pep' and 'It'—
Our Stage is in a plight!"

A lordly life! I would that I
Were in his shoes, I vow,
Whilst actors for my favours vie
And authors scrape and bow;
And lovely leading ladies try
To win my favours now! *B. W.*

ONE of the best speeches I have heard for years was that delivered by Dame Madge Kendal at the annual dinner of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. And she is eighty-three.

With voice strong and clear, with what the newspapers call a fund of humour, and "with gestures and everything," this wonderful old lady spoke for a quarter of an hour and made all the other speakers seem like twopence.

The meal is always graced each year with the presence of a row (pronounce it both ways if you like) of trumpeters from Kneller Hall, who, at intervals, blow a "Fanfare." This is more impressive than the recent revue of that name.

There were many "fanfares," Lord Berners having composed one of the quaintest. We had, for instance, a "Fanfare for a Joyous Occasion," a "Fanfare for Heroes," and so forth.

But why should it stop at this? Why not a "Fanfare for a Miserable Occasion," a "Fanfare for Gaol-birds"?

LONDON is permeated through and through with the "she-was-only" craze. This has completely taken the place of riddles and limericks, and has become insufferably boring.

Every other friend or acquaintance takes you on one side to whisper "She was only a something-or-other's daughter, but, oh, how she etc., etc." Such flights of fancy are rarely printable and, still more rarely are they funny. Besides, one has to lie and to pretend that each familiar effort you have never heard before.

We were discussing the origin of the craze. I believe it dates far back to a pre-war musical comedy in which, I remember, Edna May used to sing—

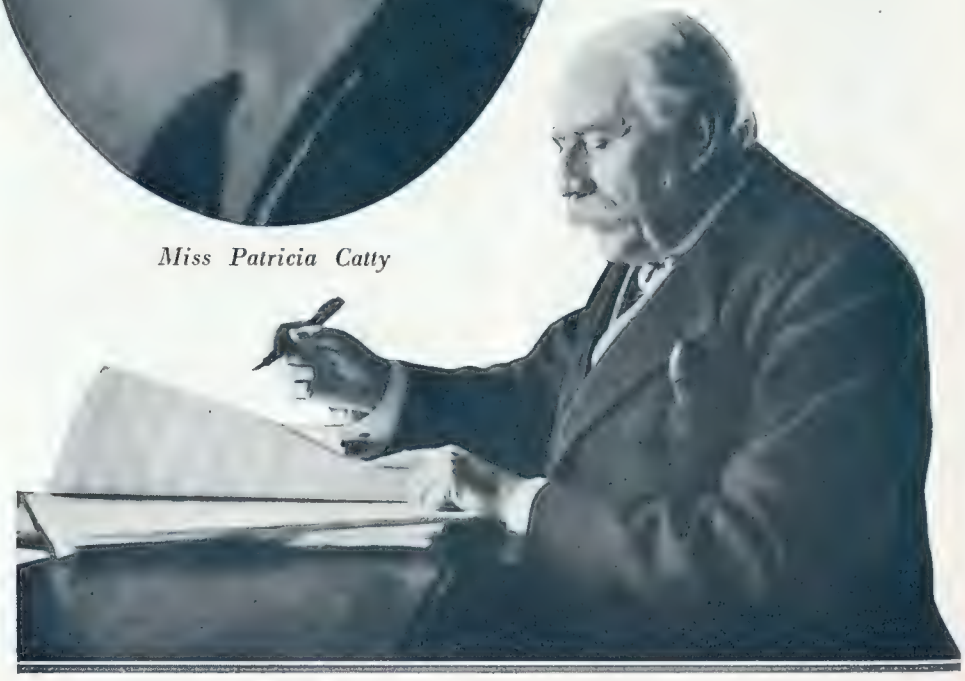
"She was a miller's daughter,
Lived beside the mill;
Still and deep was the water,
But she was—deeper still."

That is not a miracle of humour or literary grace. But it seems to have an affinity with the host of undesirable "daughters" who are now besetting us on all sides.

Miss Patricia Catty

The latest portrait of Miss Patricia Catty, who is a niece of Lady Houston. Her godfather is Sir William Goode, who is the unofficial adviser to the Hungarian Government

Below: Sir Edward Elgar, Bart, O.M. The second and third of three Elgar Celebrations will by given by the B.B.C., with the Symphony Orchestra, at the Queen's Hall to-day and also on December 14



Sir Edward Elgar, Bart, O.M. *Elliott and Fry*

"Aunt Good Looks Grand Ma?"

With Apologies to Bovril

Yevonde

Zena Dare

ZENA and PHYLLIS DARE are two of the best-looking sisters the English stage has ever been blessed with. Zena Dare, who married the Hon. Maurice Brett, Lord Esher's brother, has an equally attractive daughter, Miss Angela Brett, who is just twenty-one. She also has a son of nineteen and a younger daughter. Phyllis Dare joined the cast of "Words and Music," at the Adelphi, not long ago

Tunbridge

Miss Angela Brett

The Secret of Charm is Their Family Secret

Mannell

Phyllis Dare

Gentlemen, the —BLONDE!

Gwili Andre

The fair Dane who really does look a little like Marlene, but who has not yet fulfilled the prophecies that she would usurp the Dietrich's popularity. Her first Hollywood part was in "The Roar of the Dragon," since when she has been working in a new Radio picture, called "The Public Be Damned," in which she plays opposite John Barrymore

Jean Harlow

Here, surely, is the platinum blonde of anyone's dreams. She is starring with Clark Gable in "Red Dust," and plays the complete vamp. She refused to be a gangster's girl in "Nora," by Anita Loos; being taken for a ride was not her idea of travelling

Carole Lombard

Carole Lombard is a girl from Indiana and has been in the picture trade about five years. She stars for Paramount, and has been quarrelling with them because she wouldn't act with James Cagney; however, she is now to appear for them in "The Billion Dollar Scandal." One of her big parts was in "Sinners of the Sun"

Greta Nissen

Another of the contributions that the Nordic race has made to Hollywood from these two photographs, she looks the type who might take th young-innocent parts or the inscrutable vamp ones. She is, anyway appearing with Victor McLaglen in a Fox picture called "Rackety Rax

PERSONALITIES IN PLASTICINE

No. 5: Noel Coward

Modelled and Designed by Zec

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

'Varsity Players—Past and Present

A Blackheath player tackled on the line by a couple of 'Quins in the recent match at Twickenham. Blackheath had all the best of the game and won by a goal, a dropped goal and three tries, to two goals

YOU may congratulate yourselves upon a narrow escape. I had originally intended to produce a solemn, judicious and, no doubt, entirely erroneous summing-up of the 'Varsity match prospects, when it occurred to me that these notes are not due to appear until the day after Oxford have beaten Cambridge. Or, if you prefer it, until the day after Cambridge have beaten Oxford, though I hope you may be wrong. I hope—but there, prospects are off, and I pass on to the fact that I have heard several arguments recently about the standard of 'Varsity football this season. There are those who maintain that it is above the average, and there are others, myself among them, who cannot rate it so highly. Certainly this is no vintage year for players behind the scrummage: with the exception of S. L. Waide, the Oxford wing, there is not a back of true International calibre at either University. It is possible that V. G. J. Jenkins, of Oxford, may play in the centre for Wales this winter, and if H. D. B. Lorraine's defence were a little sounder, his chances of a cap for Scotland would be fairly rosy. Then we must not forget that P. C. Minns has played representative football in New Zealand, and N. K. Lamport has done likewise in Australia, while E. B. Pope has been capped for England, so that our comments must be discreetly phrased. I still hold to it, though, that, barring Waide, there are no backs of unusual quality at either University this year.

The Team with a Sting

London Scottish were beaten by the Wasps at Richmond by 13 points to 5, thanks to a first-rate pack. The picture shows N. Compton, one of the Wasps' forwards, being tackled. It will be observed that the home team, the London Scottish, played in jerseys of unfamiliar white

I RAISE this point, which will probably be contradicted, simply because the dearth of class players behind the scrummage seems to me rather significant. Of course, it is unwise to generalise, but I would suggest, subject to correction, that there has been a falling-off in backplay at the Universities during the last few years.

There is no need to remember men like Ronnie Poulton and Adrian Stoop to bolster up my argument, for I am thinking of more recent seasons, when we had such players as G. P. S. Macpherson, A. C. Wallace, Ian Smith, G. G. Aitken, R. H. Hamilton-Wikes, A. T. Young, H. J. Kittermaster, T. Lawton, Rowe Harding, and plenty more who have subsequently made good.

The decline has been gradual, but marked, and it makes me wonder what is happening at the schools. How much latitude, for instance, is given to back-row forwards, and what about fixed places in the scrummage? There is no doubt that the schoolboy player to-day is far more of a theorist than his predecessors. He will argue the relative merits of deep and shallow formations in defence; he will contrast Springbok and All-Black scrummage formations, and deliver a discourse on the dynamics of the wheel.

NOW, in my time—how old we are getting!—we knew nothing whatever about theory. I may have been peculiarly dense or ignorant, but there were no such things as fixed places in the scrummage, and all we cared about was a ball which had, somehow, to be kicked, carried, or otherwise forced over the enemy's line. This, I think, was as it should be. The young player must, first and foremost, get it into his head that it is his duty to go for the line, with the corollary that if his opponents have the ball it is his duty to stop them going for the line as promptly and decisively as possible.

THIS brings me to the recent game at Twickenham, in which Blackheath so convincingly tore the Harlequins into small pieces. I found this game particularly interesting, for the Harlequins played theoretical stuff, while Blackheath worked on the best school traditions—more scientific, perhaps, but an excellent hammer-and-tongs business. A good provincial team would have countered Blackheath with their own weapons—hard scrummaging, foot-work and kick, determined running and desperate tackling.

The Harlequins, on the other hand, spun webs in which Blackheath declined to be entangled. The Harlequin forwards were beaten—this was no discredit to them, for the Blackheath pack is about the best in the country—but it meant that Blackheath were continually attacking. They attacked without subtlety, and if the Harlequins had crashed into their men promptly, and fallen on the ball when it was necessary, I doubt whether Blackheath would have scored many points.

As it was, the Harlequin defenders, with the exception of Dean and Chapman, did not tackle. They attempted to drive their men across the field, and constantly we would see a Blackheath three-quarter running hard for the line with a Harlequin back gently trotting alongside and shepherding him towards touch. The result was that, although the Blackheath three-quarters did not often break clean through, they did at least make a good deal of ground whenever they had the ball, and thus were able to lead up to scoring positions.

THIS is an example of theory carried to illogical conclusions. A wing may occasionally conserve his strength by herding an opponent into touch, but every yard lost is serious, and I have no use for a man who will not, when the occasion demands it, tackle like a demon. Certainly we must have centres in the English side this year who will put their men down good and proper.

Books of the Week

Memories of "The Maid" By "Ericus"

"The Maid of the Mountains"—what memories she stirs! What recollections crowd upon us when we hear her mentioned or her music played! London in war time. A London of air-raids and margarine, of hectic spasms of leave, of War Office wires and casualty lists and murky darkness, with Daly's a kindly light amid the encircling gloom of Leicester Square. For *The Maid* was not just "one of those musical things at Daly's"—she was an institution. And a charitable institution at that, though one did have to pay for her charity at the rate of ten shillings and sixpence a stall. Nor did she confine her kind offices to the war-worn and weary, for, surviving as she did from February 1917, to April 1920, she was able to extend her cheerful consolations to the victims of the Great Peace.

Lenare

Above is Mrs. Peter Luling, who writes under her maiden name of Sylvia Thompson. She has just finished her new book, which is to be called "Unfinished Symphony." She has, quite recently, been giving a series of lectures in America

Mesdames Morter

Left: Marjorie Jeans is the wife of Ronald Jeans, the well-known playwright; her first novel, entitled "The Split Face," was published last month

But it is not only of *The Maid* that Miss José Collins writes in her volume of reminiscences, *The Maid of the Mountains* (Hutchinson; 12*s.* 6*d.*). She sets down, frankly and fully, the entire story of her career, from her stage-struck childhood, when her mother, Lottie Collins, was paralysing the world with "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," to her present determination "to show them if José is finished!" She tells us of her early struggle for recognition on the English music-halls, of her sudden decision to try her luck in America, of her instant success there with the Shuberts, and later with "Flo" Ziegfield, of the cable from Robert Evett, executor of the late George Edwardes, and of her return to England after five years' absence. And so to the inner history of *The Maid of the Mountains*, and the saving of the Edwardes estate, with its £80,000 debt, "one of the most romantic chapters in the annals of the musical-comedy stage."

Miss Collins writes with as vigorous a candour of her few "flops" as she does of her many successes, which included, besides *The Maid*, such Gaiety and Daly's favourites as *Sybil*, *Catherine*, *Our Nell*, *The Southern Maid*, and *The Last Waltz*. Her life, with its colour and romance, its wide acquaintance and interesting friendships, its brilliant triumphs and dramatic failure—a failure I am sure her readers will hope is only temporary—makes a fit subject for as human and entertaining a biography as you could wish to read.

The novels I propose to review this week fall naturally into two classes, according to the pleasantness or unpleasantness of the characters with which they deal. On the principle of "bread and butter before cake," let us take the unpleasant people first.

I did not read Miss Nancy Mitford's first novel, *Highland Fling*, but presume from the manner of her second, *Christmas Pudding* (Thornton Butterworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*), that she has modelled her style on that of Mr. Evelyn Waugh or, perhaps, of Mr. Richard Oke. It is a dangerous process, for disagreeable persons, unless handled with the witty understanding of Mr. Oke or the riotous burlesque of Mr. Waugh, are so apt to become merely irritating. The younger generation, which Mr. Noel Coward tells us is knock-knock-knocking at the door, provides Miss Mitford with the majority of her characters. But her satire lacks the sting necessary to render their malignity a matter for mirth. In fact, one is never quite sure whether she likes or despises them. This is all the more unfortunate, as this saga of the Bright Young People contains some extremely diverting passages.

"Short Lease," by Yvonne Cloud (Desmond Harmsworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*), deals with unpleasant people of a different sort, a more mature, more cynical and better educated sort. They certainly have the merit of originality, this queer quartette at "Stavesacres" with their combinations and permutations of the eternal quadrangle. There are two bright moments, the first when the existing pairings have to be altered to suit the views of a visiting mother-in-law, the second when an incensed outsider is unable to extricate his sister from this den of iniquity for the prosaic reason that it is raining. Unhappily, these "high spots" are but islands in a positive sea of talk. My goodness, how they talk, these people! . . . "and how"!

And now for the pleasant people! The younger generation again figures largely in *Turnip Tops* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), but here its representatives are far more acceptable. Miss Ethel Boileau's novel takes the form of a chronicle, written by an intelligent middle-aged woman, of events in the lives of her family and friends, typical country gentlefolk, in rural "Deepshire." She tells simply, but with affectionate insight, of the love affairs of her three children, and gives us delightful pictures of the normal sporting pursuits of her class, of shooting syndicates and salmon-fishing and point-to-points. Miss Boileau has contrived a delicate and restrained study, rich in character and quiet humour, and breathing the very spirit of the countryside.

Mr. Richard Ball describes his new book, *Young Jack Fellowes* (Putnam; 7*s.* 6*d.*), as "a horse tale for the horse-loving public, developing rather upon the lines of a racing story." As a matter of fact, it makes an excellent yarn, whichever way you choose to take it, for which the simple likeable qualities of Mr. Ball's hero are largely responsible. Young Jack starts life in a caravan with his mother and grandfather, but horses are in his blood, and the ambition of his life is to ride a Derby winner. The achievement of this ambition forms the climax of the story. Mr. Ball does not worry himself overmuch with the psychology of his characters, but he does know how to tell a dramatic swiftly-moving tale, in the construction of which his knowledge and love of horses stand him in wonderful stead. And he has a rare knack of describing a race. His final scene at Epsom is an immensely realistic and exciting passage of racing narrative.

"Escape Fever" (John Hamilton; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the latest contribution to the literature of the prisoner-of-war. It does not rank, to my mind, with such classics of their type as *The Road to Endor* or *The Escaping Club*, but its theme is always sure of a wide appeal. Mr. Geoffrey Harding writes entertainingly and without rancour of his experiences at Karlsruhe and Ströhen, and of the thrills of his escape and seven-day trek from the latter prison to the Dutch frontier.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

PALE pink cloqué makes this youthful evening gown designed by Chanel. The tiny sleeves are cut in one with the bodice, and this achieves a high waistline in front which is belied by a sash tied around the hips at the back. The drawing is by Drian

Lacquered Curls Adorn our Heads . . . .

A REGAL coronet of lacquered hair, designed by Antoine, makes an unusual but most becoming evening coiffure. Both the photographs on this page are by Horst, Paris

A SHEAF of lacquered hair adorns a head-dress of almost barbaric splendour. Posed by Miss Agneta Fiscger, whose picture, as she really is, is shown below

Our Coiffures are not always what they Seem

IT is almost impossible to believe that the coiffure on the right is not achieved by growing hair, but it is really a wig and was made by Vasco. Photographs by Shaw Wildman

THE Maison Georges is responsible for this dark coiffure, which is also a transformation. Mrs. Lance Sieveking posed and is shown wearing her own hair in the photograph below

1. Vanity Set, comprising cigarette, match, and powder case in enamel of various shades and engine - turned silver. Price £5 10. J. W. Benson

2. A "Britannic" watch bracelet may be obtained from all the leading jewellers. It is made in many designs complete with watch from £4 15

3. This "Flapjack" powder case, containing a puff and fine mesh silk sifter, has a mirror in the lid. Price 20/-. Marshall and Snelgrove

4. This felt cloth handbag can be made in black, brown, blue, or in any other colour to match one's costume. Price 25/-. Scott and Co.

5. A man's hide travelling companion with "zip" fastener is fitted with hair brush, manicure, and shaving equipment 25/6. Gorringes

6. The flowered chiffon handkerchief in various colours costs 5/11, and the other, of lawn edged with lace, 2/11. Debenham and Freebody

7. A knitted front or plastron which would make any nondescript dress look smart, is in two colours and costs 15/9. From Richard Sands

8. The delicate fragrance of Queen Anne Lavender Water cannot fail to please. It is contained in screw topped flacons from 6d. to 5/-

9. A talc powder spray of painted glass and chromium plate may be obtained in all colours. It is priced at 16/6. From Peter Robinson

10. A special gift box contains two Nell Gwynn candles with candlesticks to match may be obtained in six colours. The price is 2/6

11. The children will enjoy Mackintosh's delicious toffees. The gay red tin containing two pounds of "Carnival" assortment costs only 4/-

12. This charming white bead pochette with coral frame and amusing Chinese embroidery costs 69/6. It comes from Woollands

13. Hinde's "Tinglow" Body Friction Brush—a brush and a sponge in one—stimulates the circulation and banishes fatigue. 5/6

14. A British-made de luxe writing set, comprising a "Conway Stewart" pen and "Conway" pencil, can be obtained in many colours. Price 17/6

15. Cut glass and engine-turned silver combine to make this perfume spray, which is available in many colours. Price 25/-. Mappin and Webb

16. "4711" Eau de Cologne is an old and tried favourite and the pear-shaped bottle would make a most welcome gift. Price 10/6

17. Beetham's Larola combines many properties for it is a splendid skin tonic and an excellent cleanser and powder base. Price 1/6 and 2/6

18. A glass of Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy, or one of their Invictamint Crême de Menthe — is a fitting finish to a Christmas dinner

19. This is one of Bronnley's toilet companions, and contains a bottle of After Shave Lotion, a shaving stick, and a tablet of soap. Price 3/6

20. Dewar's White Label whisky needs no introduction. Attaché cases containing two bottles of this excellent spirit are a welcome novelty

21. A pecking sparrow in Lalique glass makes a most attractive paper-weight or table decoration. Price £2 2 0. Breves Lalique Galleries

22. A luncheon set consisting of thirteen pieces is hand-embroidered in gay peasant colours. The price is 29/6 and it comes from Gooch's

23. Bollinger's "Special Cuvée" is just the wine for Xmas festivities.

24. After dinner, "Players, please," or "Bachelors." Price 2/6 for 50

25. A casket containing one pound of "The Doctor's China Tea" is an ideal present. From 3/2 per lb. From Harden Bros. and Lindsay Ltd.

Warwickshire in Surrey

Royal Warwickshire Regiment Fight Worplesdon on the Links

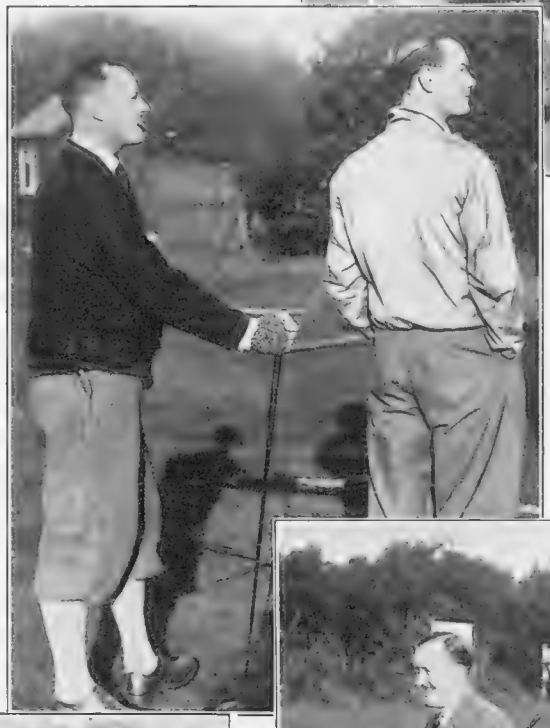
Peter Gold (Worplesdon) and Captain A. C. Giles (Warwickshire Regiment) going to the first green. The latter won by 7 and 5

Major E. N. Onslow (Warwickshire Regiment) and R. V. Carr (Worplesdon). The Worplesdon player won by 4 and 3

Above: G. E. F. Goring-Thomas (Worplesdon) beaten by Lieut.-Colonel W. H. T. Bowly (Warwickshire Regiment) by 9 and 7

Left: Captain H. B. Bird (Warwickshire Regiment), who defeated Captain J. C. Ritchie (Worplesdon) by two up

Above: B. J. T. Bosanquet (Worplesdon), of "googly" fame, and Captain L. Halliley (Warwickshire Regiment). The former won by 2 holes



P. N. Ritchie (Worplesdon) and Lieut. G. C. Evans (Warwickshire Regiment) going to the fifth green. The soldier won by 3 and 1. In the whole match the singles were won by Worplesdon by 6 to 4 and the Foursomes won by 3 to 2

The Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe (Worplesdon), also a cricketer, beat Captain J. C. Bretherton (Warwickshire Regiment) by 3 and 2

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Mrs. Allan Macbeth and Miss Mary Beard "taking an easy" before driving off during a match at Ashdown

Simplicity Itself

"Steel Shaft" writes to Miss Fishwick

DEAR BYSTANDER—

HERE we are, with "Steel Shaft's" Open Letter to Miss Fishwick, who has shown herself *the* player of Autumn 1932, by winning the English Championship, Brocton Hall Mixed Foursomes, and her match against Miss Wilson, let alone the French Championship this summer.

It seems to me that my correspondent has been very just over Miss Fishwick. Nobody has made the game look so simple as she has done since, perhaps, Mrs. Allan Macbeth was Miss Muriel Dodd and won the second Open Championship she ever went in for. I wonder if Ailsa is going to be anything like as good a golfer as her mother? I remember how her defeated opponents raved about her in the first Championship she ever played in. That was at Turnberry, in 1912, when Mrs. Temple Dobell (then Miss Ravenscroft) was Doddie's guide and adviser. Eventually she was also her vanquisher; but next year Miss Dodd bobbed up again and won the Open at Royal Lytham and St. Annes. Then she and Miss Ravenscroft went off across the Atlantic, and Miss Ravenscroft annexed the American and Miss Dodd the Canadian Championship. As soon as they got back, Miss Ravenscroft was runner-up in the Open, and Miss Dodd semi-finalist, after which came the war, and both of them got married.

MRS. MACBETH, of course, dropped out of golf for a bit after the war, but this year she has made a regular come-back of it, winning the Cheshire Championship, playing none too badly down at Saunton, and extremely well in the county finals at Ashdown. I know Miss Gourlay beat her, and so did Miss Beard, but both produced rather remarkable golf, particularly Miss Beard, and then, in the last county match, I have seldom seen anything much better than the way Mrs. Macbeth, after being severely down to Miss Marjorie Kerr, crept up and up, and won at the 19th, the only time that she had been up all morning. Mr. Macbeth used to be a scratch golfer too; perhaps he is now, for all I know, so that little Miss Ailsa ought to have the game from both sides, and be something really rather super when she gives her mind to it.

I WONDER what your idea is about the age at which children should start playing golf? My own is that they can hardly start too young knocking a ball about, which, of course, they will invariably do with their left hand below their right, just as Mrs. Cecil Burns has gone on doing all her life. I think they ought to watch somebody with a perfect style when they are quite small, because children are such imitative little beggars; but unless they beg for lessons, I would not bother them with any until they are at least ten years old. It always seems to me that a great many children of golfing parents are sickened of the game before ever they arrive at an age when they might be expected to be really keen on it. Perhaps they see the dear parents extremely out of temper after a day's bad golf, and draw their own unspoken conclusions as to whether they would like to play the game that annoys dear Daddy so, or makes Mummy so tired.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

"Steel Shaft's" Open Letters

No. 3. To Miss Diana Fishwick

Lenare

Miss Diana Fishwick

MY DEAR MISS FISHWICK,—What a splash you did make when you arrived in the golfing world! People tried to shut their eyes to you because your swing didn't embody all the stereotyped ideas. They refused to believe that winning two Girls' Championships meant anything, or being runner-up in the English, or going through to the final at Formby. However, you silenced them all right in that very final by the way you beat Miss Glenna Collett, and have gone on silencing them ever since over all sorts of things.

Of course, I see what they mean about your swing. When you're hitting the ball well, it is lovely to see anybody doing anything so easily, with apparently so little trouble, but when you're playing badly it just looks as if you weren't trying. I could almost credit it that some people have felt tempted to give you a shake and say: "For pity's sake, take a bit of trouble about it." I believe some onlookers, somewhere, this year were horribly disappointed, and said you didn't look a champion a bit.

However, people will say anything, won't they? Some of them still call you swollen-headed. Not that I'm doing that myself—don't you mistake me. I think you've got a very good sense of proportion about your golf; you're quite ready to forget it and enjoy doing something else when the round's over. Perhaps, from a strictly golfing point of view, you rush about too much meanwhiles, but, anyway, you don't think golf is the only thing to be done in life. Another thing, you take a beating like an angel, though whether anybody ever beat an angel I'm not in a position to say. There used to be people who took beatings from you very badly indeed. I'm delighted that when you do get an occasional beating you don't pay back in the same coin. "That's over and done with; what shall we do next?" seems to be your attitude, and a very good one, too. I suppose you like a fuss made of you; most people do, only some are better at disguising it than others, and there's no disguise about you.

Yours critically, STEEL SHAFT.

Dr. R. N. Le Cron, of Missouri, and Mr. J. C. Sellers, of Iowa, were two of the competitors in the American Golfing Society's Thanksgiving Day meeting at Stoke Poges

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

In Praise of Addington

I WONDER what factor it is in the make-up of a golf club which really attracts the prospective members. I suppose the good players are chiefly influenced by the quality of the golfing fare provided for them, but I should think there must be a large number of players, handicapped at double figures, who are as much attracted by the luncheon as by the links.

The ideal combination for a good golf club, therefore, would seem to be physical comfort within the club-house and a fine golf course without. But in recent years, and especially around London, to these must be added a third asset, without which a golf club can scarcely hope really to succeed. In direct contrast to a night club, it is almost fatal for a golf club to get the reputation of being overcrowded, for then those who have reached middle-age, and who have no particular desire to leave London in the winter before nine in order to get in two rounds of golf, will say to themselves, when the conversation turns to this particular golf club: "Well, it takes over three hours to get round. I 'd sooner do with less good golf and have an extra hour in bed in the morning."

That is why clubs like Addington have made such a success, for not only do they provide excellent golf, but the fact that there are two golf-courses, both of which will try to the utmost the skill even of the best players, precludes any possibility of a long wait on the tee before getting off. At Sunningdale there are no less than three-and-a-half golf-courses, three of which are absolutely first-class. On the face of it, this may sound a little astonishing, and even golfers who are in the habit of playing at Sunningdale may, in the first return of breath, wish to argue with me. But I would point out that there are the Old and the New courses, and also the Ladies' course, which nobody who has ever played on it could possibly describe as anything but first-class. As well as these, there are a few holes chiefly used for practice, but which could be used for a more serious purpose.

HOWEVER, it is of Addington that I wish to write this week, for Addington has this year a record second to none in the performance of golfers who are members of the club. It is not my purpose in this article to describe Addington—either the courses or the club. I was once a member, and I have vivid recollections of the Dover soles and the roast beef. I have also vivid recollections of a John Tidy salver which, by the grace of God and Tony Torrance, I managed to win, but I must be excused if I remember the soles and the beef with greater intensity: after all, they were so much more frequent, as opposed to my one salver. The merits of the links are too well known to require any praise from me on this page, but I think I have inferred that Addington is blessed with all three of those qualifications required to make a successful golf club.

It is, perhaps, for this reason that the members of Addington have done so well in open competitions this year, for the club does its best to make them fit, both physically and in the golfing sense. Very briefly (so briefly that I may have omitted some distinguished achievement, for which possible omission I herewith make humble apology), the following remarkable performances have been accomplished by the members.

FIRST and foremost comes John de Forest, winner of the Amateur Championship—a victory which was unexpected, but none the less meritorious, particularly in view of the fact that de Forest had been runner-up in the same event in 1931. Next, perhaps, comes the fact that a leading member of the club, in Tony Torrance, was captain of our Walker Cup side, and he had with him no less than three others in that side also members of Addington. For one club to have four representatives out of the ten who went abroad to represent us in the Match seems to me to be a very fine performance. The Surrey Amateur Championship was also won by a member of the club, in General Critchley, and in connection with this event there is an amusing story to be told. The Surrey Amateur Championship, as no

(Continued on page iv.)

A NEW COMPETITION

for the

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GOLF TROPHY

A Week-end Meeting for Men

NOW that the Ladies are so well catered for by the various BYSTANDER Foursomes—Northern, Scottish, Spring Medal and the great Ranelagh and Roehampton gatherings, it has been decided to discontinue the Mixed Foursomes Competition for Professionals partnered by a Lady Member of the same Club and inaugurate a week-end Meeting for Men, to be held by kind invitation of the Committee, and in conjunction with the London and North Eastern Railway, at Felixstowe on March 18th and 19th, 1933.

Full particulars will be announced later.

Three of the Oxford University team who played in the match against Addington: on the left is G. N. Robinson, in the centre is E. H. Moss, the captain, who defeated T. A. Torrance by two holes in the singles, and on the right is A. E. W. Henderson

W. L. McCandlish takes a back seat in judging that good little lamb of a dog, the Bedlington terrier

Croxton Smith gets down to the obviously good points of Im, son of Er

Miss Viola Tree parades past the judge—N. A. Loraine—to be seen on the right

Holland Buckley judging the points of a Schnauzer

Lady Kitty Ritson and Miss A. Bruce looking for the points of a Maltese

Mrs. D. K. Hackney with her all-conquering Champion Dalmatian, Ch. Snow Leopard

Hur Rea! Mr. and Mrs. Alec Rea with their Samoyed, White Escort of the Arctic

Perplexing moment for James Saunders in attempting to judge the poodles

The Good Points and Curves

Of the Ladies' Kennel Association Members' Show: *By H. H. Harris*

Cheaper and Safer Flying: By Capt. C. E. Ward

Pylon Racing

ONE of the principal attractions at Hendon before the war was the spectacle of machines racing round a closed circuit within the aerodrome limits. The comparatively low speeds of the period made this a reasonably safe sport, and at the same time there was a risk of a forced landing or a minor collision as a thrill for the public. Pylon racing was revived in 1924, after the Light Aeroplane trials at Lympne, but with much smaller machines than those used in the early days. The pilot's view had become restricted, due partly to a change from the open-work "pusher" type to a small tractor, and the field was increased from six or eight machines to twenty. The development of the Moth and similar types, with speeds up to 100 miles an hour, led to an increase in the danger of track racing, and since a meeting at Bournemouth, when two well-known pilots were killed and several narrow escapes occurred, racing has been mostly confined to much larger circuits.

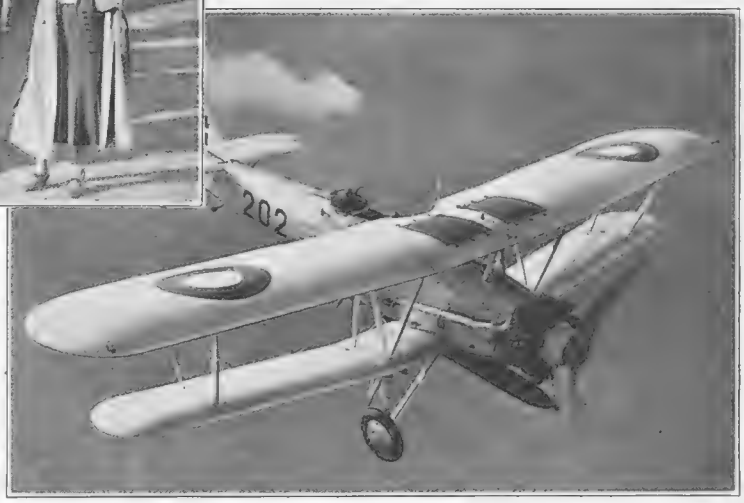
Sir Hubert Young, K.C.M.G., Governor of Nyasaland, with Lady Young, their three children and nurse, on the aerodrome at Cairo, prior to departure for Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, the nearest point on Imperial Airways' route to their destination

The Motor-Glider

SINCE the introduction of gliding into this country, several designers have turned their attention to producing an ultra light 'plane with the minimum horse-power to propel it through the air, the idea being to cheapen the cost of flying round an aerodrome. The first successful type was demonstrated at Hanworth ten days ago by Mr. C. H. Lowe-Wylde, the Director of Civil Aviation and Sir Geoffrey Salmond being present to watch the proceedings on behalf of the Air Ministry, which will not license the machine for general use until the trials are completed. The Lowe-Wylde power-driven glider has a two-cylinder motor-cycle engine, giving it a top speed of nearly 60 miles an hour, and slow speeds under full control seem possible down to 25 miles an hour. For pylon racing, the speed of the machine is too slow to arouse much public interest and excitement, perhaps because we have become blasé after seeing aircraft flying at 400 miles an hour, but, as a transition type between a glider and a normal light 'plane of 100 horse-power for cheap "ab initio" training, it may prove extremely useful. Thousands of people interested in flying cannot afford to learn at the present rates, which are dictated largely because of the expense of operating a machine capable of flying round the world. The motor-glider should solve their problem, assuming that it is safe in the air and easy to land.

News by Wireless

THE Marconi Company is to erect a wireless station for the Air Ministry at the Municipal Airport of Manchester, and this inaugurates a scheme for the provinces whereby the whole country will be served by a wireless system suited to the needs of aviation. The new station will provide ground to air communication by telephone and telegraph, direction finding, an inter-airport service and weather broadcasting. Pilots making the Irish Sea crossing to and from Belfast or Dublin, of which there are an increasing number nowadays, will be in constant touch with Manchester, and the meteorological office at the Airport will collect news of atmospheric changes from a very wide area, so that the dangers of a long sea passage by land machine will become negligible.



A striking close-up of a Danish torpedo 'plane in flight. A large order for this type, which is a British design, is being carried out by the Hawker Engineering Company, and the engines are Armstrong-Siddeley Leopards of 800 horse-power, built at Coventry

Marconi Achievements in Africa

WE are only at the beginning of wireless possibilities as an aid to aviation, and few people realise the degree of perfection achieved at the present day. Pilots of Imperial Airways' machines are in constant touch by telephone with London, Paris and intermediate stations whilst flying between the two capitals, and on the Empire routes every landing ground is linked to the next one as well as to the pilots en route. Marconi operators travelling on the Cape-to-Cairo line have established two-way communication with England from the flying boat City of Swanage whilst in the air between Juba and Kampala, 5000 miles from home. Other long-distance contacts of this kind have been made from the air over Central Africa with Norddeich, in Germany, and Coltano, in Italy, whilst news has been received from Miami Beach, Florida. Difficulties of reception in Africa have been considerable, and it is largely as a result of Marconi experiments that the first four "Atalanta" monoplanes will be equipped with medium and short-wave apparatus to that company's design.

Safety in the Air

THE last word in micro-ray transmission will be used shortly between Lympne Airport and St. Inglevert for cross-channel work dealing with aircraft movements. The aerial will be less than one inch long and the wave-length 15 centimetres. Teleprinters will be installed at each end, so that written messages can be received in the absence of an operator. Safety in the air, especially at night, depends on efficient wireless and on airway and aerodrome lighting. Progress under the latter headings, except, perhaps, in the United States, has been lamentably slow, presumably owing to shortage of money in official and municipal quarters. Modern equipment is available over here, as anyone who has landed by the Shadow Bar Floodlight at Heston would agree.

Heston to the Isle of Wight

FROM the 1st of April next, a regular air service will be run from Heston to Cowes, I. of W., two flights each way being made daily, except on Sundays. The fare will be twenty-five shillings for the single journey, and fifty shillings return, including transport by motor from Heston to Piccadilly Circus and vice versa. It is proposed to use the Spartan "Cruiser," which was designed and built at Cowes, where the company has its aerodrome and seaplane base. The saving of time from the centre of London to Cowes will be one hour; quite sufficient to attract passengers who dislike train and boat journeys.

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SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

THIS really is rather an exciting week in the sporting world: we have the first Test Match to talk about; the 'Varsity "Rugger" match, the "Soccer" International between England and Austria at Stamford Bridge to-day; the 'Varsity "Soccer" match to-morrow; a middle-weight fight between Willie Unwin of South Africa and Harry Smith, a remarkable negro, this evening, and so on. It doesn't look, in fact, as if I shall have much chance to tell you about my visit to the Ice Rink at Oxford, where I saw some strange Japanese fencing, and a ju-jitsu match between the 'Varsity and a German team.

A pity, for I like these Japanese fencers—they wear peculiar clothes, and hit one another severely about the head with single-sticks, uttering loud and alarming cries all the while in order to tense their muscles for delivering shrewd blows. They do actually maintain that shouting increases their hitting power, and I look forward to the time when our heavy-weight boxers make this discovery. If Carnera really let himself go and roared like a bull, we might have some excitement, though possibly Chaliapin would have to be considered as a possible world champion.

Above: Mrs. Hasler, Mrs. Ronald Renk, Mr. J. Collis Brown, Mr. Ronald Renk, Miss Ruth Fawcett, with Frenzied Finance at the South of England Coursing meeting at Newmarket

Right: Mr. J. A. Dewar, the famous racehorse owner, and Mrs. Dewar are seen studying the card

Coursing at Newmarket

SERIOUSLY, though, I am anticipating the game between Austria and England this afternoon with considerable interest. I think, myself, that England should win with some ease, for the Selectors have chosen an eminently safe team. I 'm glad they have brought back Walker, who last played for England in 1927, for he is in great form just now, as he proved beyond doubt when the Villa beat the Arsenal recently. There has been some argument about the choice of Crooks at outside right, for there are many who consider that Hulme is the better man. Unfortunately, Hulme was off-colour against the Villa, and Crooks, at any rate, will not let the side down. There is, however, one rather disturbing fact about this English side, which is that the Selectors have been forced to fall back upon so many players who are, relatively, veterans. The trouble is that experiments might have been dangerous, and there are few outstanding half-backs, for example, among the younger men.

Still, as I say, England should win, and the Austrians themselves do not appear to be very hopeful. They rely on the short passing game, and anything in the way of heavy charging, to which they are not accustomed, may upset them.

WHILE we are talking of "Soccer," the Arsenal experiments with flood-light football met with rather a mixed reception. I think, myself, that enough was done to prove that the scheme has possibilities, despite the fact that the lighting arrangements were not complete. The lamps, for instance, were not quite high enough, and I should like to see a game played under General Critchley's lighting installation at the White City. I gather that it will be left to the Arsenal and Tottenham Hotspur to test the innovation further by staging a match under ordinary playing conditions.

THIS brings me to Mr. Adrian Stoop's first important speech, as President of the Rugby Union, which he made at the Blackheath dinner recently. He gave the R.U. point of view about flood-light football, and I must say that he spoke exceedingly well. Among other things, he railed at the man who plays Rugby football merely for exercise, and there I agree with him. Any sport which is undertaken simply as a form of exercise is a curse and an abomination, an offshoot of the modern health hullaballoo. There is far too much of this playing of games as a means to an end, instead of playing simply because we love and enjoy our games. Seeking health as the reward for exercise is to my mind as vicious as seeking a money prize or a cup. Certainly health is an incidental benefit, but whenever I meet a man who plays golf or tennis or football simply "because it's the only way he can keep fit," I avoid him like the plague.

I fancy Mr. Stoop is going to be a first-rate President of the Rugby Union. He knows his own mind, and is not afraid to speak it, and his speeches will be a welcome change from the "uplift" orations which some of us have found rather tedious in the past.

INCIDENTALLY, I see that Mr. Trevor Wignall has been drawing conclusions from the fact that the King has agreed to be present at the Rugby League Cup Final at Wembley. "Are we nearing a time," asks Mr. Wignall, on the strength of this announcement, "when the Rugby Union and the Rugby League will shake hands?"

We are not, Mr. Wignall, and you may take that, I can assure you, as definite. Rugby League football is a fine game, but it has no more in common with Rugby football than any other professional sport.

One more note on Rugby football. I am very glad that Mr. Emil de Lissa has been appointed to the secretaryship of the Richmond Athletic Ground. Mr. de Lissa, who for so long was the life and soul of the Barbarians, is a kindly, genial man, extremely popular in the Rugby world, and I have no doubt that he will carry out his new duties admirably.

FINALLY, about this fight between Willie Unwin and Harry Smith. Unwin is a grand lad, a really willing, hard-hitting boxer of the best type, but I am afraid he may be in for a rough passage this evening. This Harry Smith is unquestionably the best coloured middle-weight in the world. He has already beaten the formidable Gorilla Jones, a former world's champion, and he wins nearly all his fights by knock-outs. He has a most impressive record, and when a negro is good, he is very, very good, and that 's how it is with Harry Smith.

There is still considerable activity in the heavy-weight world. Mr. Hulls had an extraordinarily large entry for his novices' competition at the Crystal Palace last Monday, though whether any likely lads will emerge remains to be seen. Then the news that Young Stribling is coming over here in the New Year has thrown our promoters and managers into something of a flurry. Stribling knows all the tricks of the trade, and I don't believe we have anyone in this country, not even Petersen, capable of standing up to him. I 'd like to see him matched with Larry Gains, though, for Gains has the necessary experience to deal with this dangerous American.

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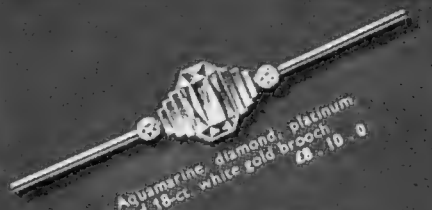
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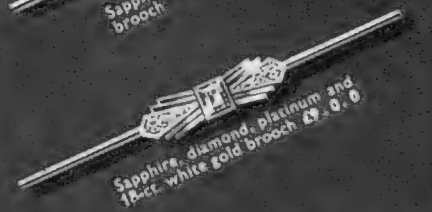
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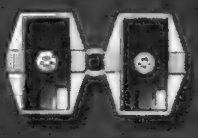
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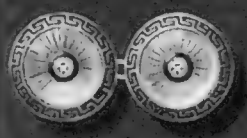
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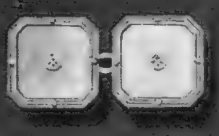
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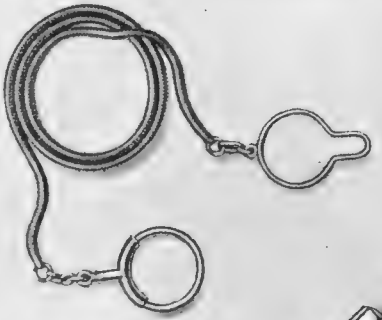
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Ian Peebles on CRICKET

Pictures and Realities

C. V. Grimmett, the South Australian slow bowler, who is the hope of his side, so far as taking wickets is concerned, in the Test Matches. He batted well in the first

P. F. Warner, complete with famous Harlequin cap, giving the M.C.C. team a little fielding practice on the Perth Cricket Ground, Australia

ON opening his paper the other evening the writer noted with some interest that the Australian cricketers were on view at a certain news theatre, and with that decision characteristic of men of action, straightway hied himself thereto. Having obtained a seat in the best part of the house (obtainable at the not extortiomate fee of a bob a nob), he gazed over the humbler (7d. a time) nobs in front and beheld a very singular aquatic monster stepping smartly up its front doorsteps preparatory to rejoining its family circle. This proved to be a seagoing iguana, whose most intimate little domestic secrets were presently to be ruthlessly described by a lean, baldheaded gentleman in breathless but rather saw-like tones. So tense was the atmosphere produced by this natural, if rather sordid, history, that it came as something of a shock to be suddenly transported from this maritime love-nest to a matter-of-fact county cricket-ground. It all happened in a flash, however, and next moment the writer experienced a vast thrill as he saw a ball delivered by his own hand strike Alan Kippax on the knee. But, alas! this was short-lived, and his features suddenly resumed their normal position at half-mast as this scene was abruptly replaced by one of Don Bradman hitting the same bowler over a stand and out of the ground by a comfortable margin. The camera-man evidently considered a change of bowling desirable at this point, and succeeded so thoroughly that the scene of operations was removed to a completely different ground. Here he took some really excellent shots—including one particularly good action-picture of Harold Larwood.

THERE followed some very good telescopic pictures of Ponsford and Woodfull in partnership, and one was given a good opportunity of comparing their greatly differing styles. I must say, the cinema is a most excellent medium for the study of cricketers, and I strongly recommend anyone who is at all interested in the Test Matches to try and see this news-reel. My only regret was that it did not include any of the new players whom I was most anxious to see. The show was rounded off by a close-up of Clarrie Grimmett giving forth a terrific oration which, owing to an oversight on the part of British Movietone, or strong action on the part of the Censor, was inaudible.

BY the time this appears there will doubtless be an official answer to all the many questions which at the moment are being thrashed out unofficially. This being so, the entire cricketing public will be able to wag a finger and say, "I told you so"—except, of course, the needy and hot-headed who had the temerity to rush into print, and who will probably bite a finger and say, "Who'd have thought it?" Even at the risk of this humiliation, there is another question I must raise, because it has bothered me for some time. It is the question of setting the field, which is not altogether easy.

LEAVING out the two wicket-keepers, we have fifteen fielders in Australia, and I classify them thus: earnest triers, 15; first-class fielders, 8; good catchers and stoppers in a limited radius, 5; and unreliable, 2.

Now the first move is to find three really first-class slips and a gully for Larwood. There is no difficulty about first slip, as Wally Hammond automatically goes there, being the best slip in England. If Bob Wyatt plays, he will probably field end-slip, as he is a very good stopper, without being really brilliant. The last position falls between Verity, Pataudi, and Sutcliffe. I should be inclined to have the last-named, as he is the most experienced, and the other two, if they play, will probably be required to run about on the boundary. Jardine himself is a very good gully, and if he doesn't field at mid-off, a favourite position of his, he will probably go there. This makes a fairly dependable slip formation,

W. M. Woodfull, the Australian captain and No. 1 batsman, whose back view is preferred by English bowlers. He made 7 in the first match

but one more and more regrets the absence of Duleep.

MAURICE LEYLAND is a splendid third man and deep field, and Bill Voce is our best cover-point.

For the slow bowlers we have Wyatt, Pataudi, Leyland, and Sutcliffe to select from, but Wyatt and Leyland are the best, and should occupy the most responsible positions.

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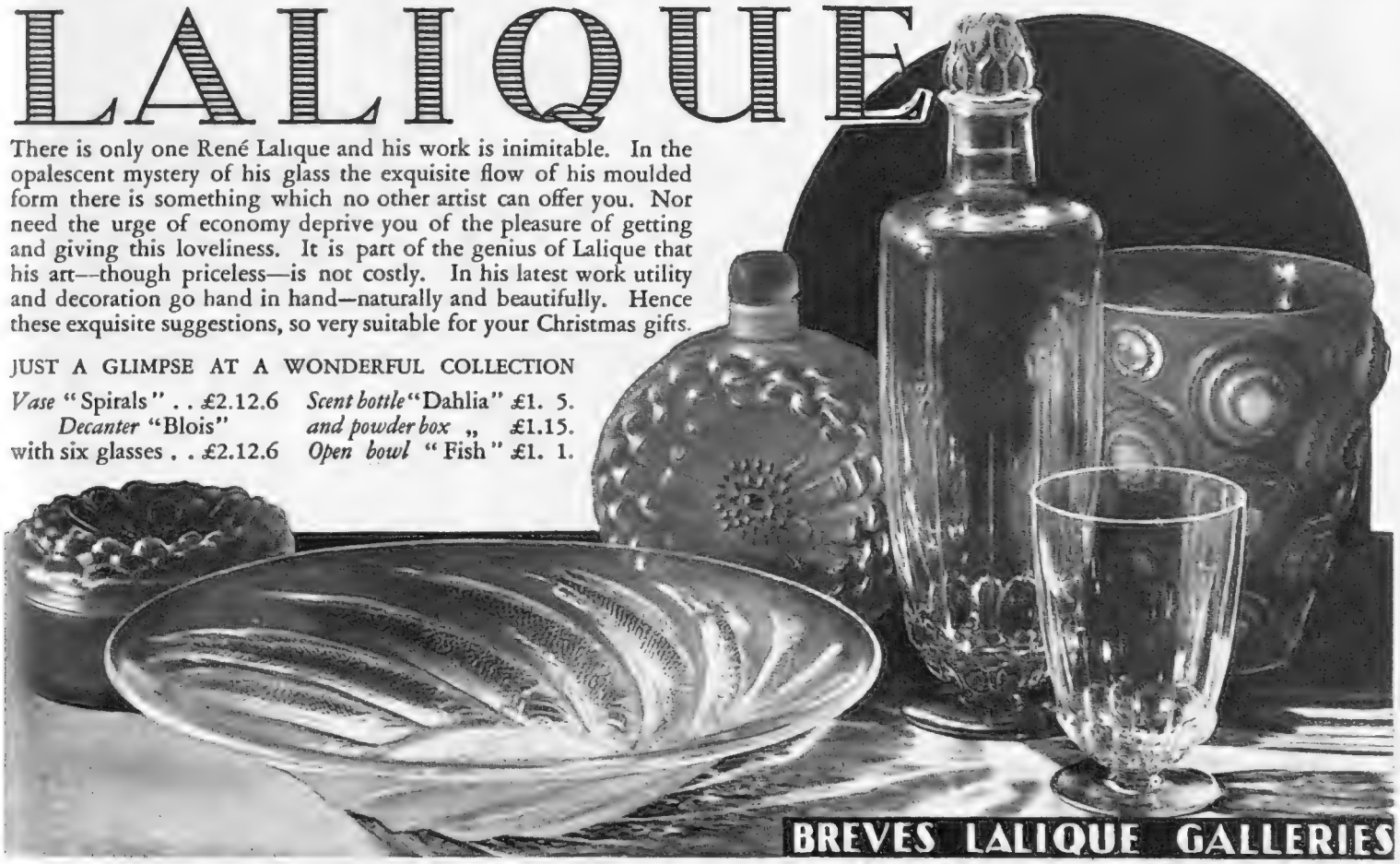

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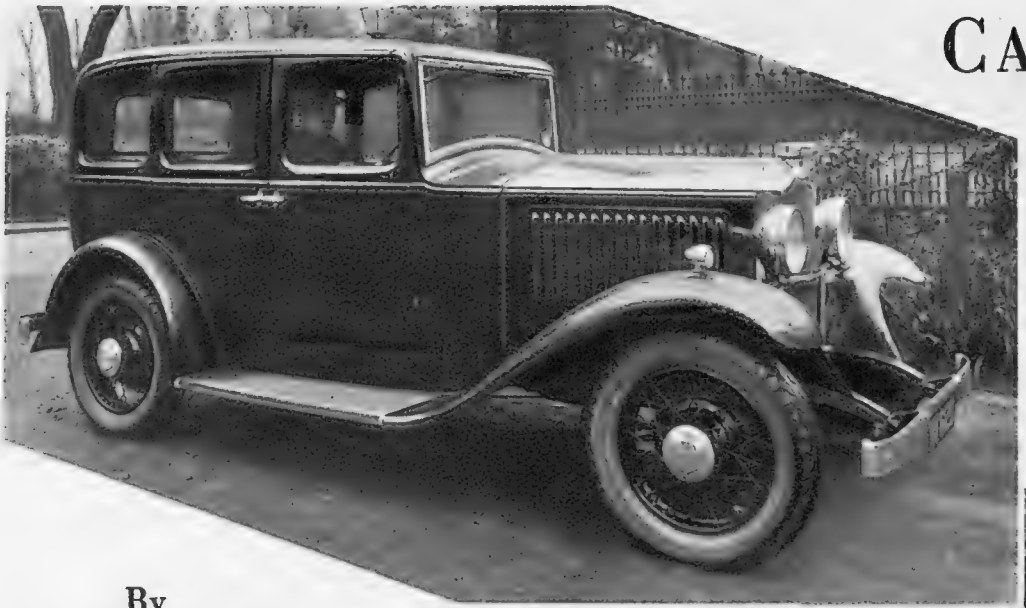
CARS with a Personality

The 17-h.p. Vauxhall "Cadet"



The Vauxhall "Cadet" is an excellent example of how practical and commodious coachwork can be, while at the same time combined with smart and distinctive "lines"

By The Earl of Cardigan

IN continuing, for 1933, to produce one type of motor-car, and one type only, Vauxhall Motors Ltd. have definitely joined that small but select band of manufacturers who refuse to subscribe to the policy of a new model every year. There are, of course, excellent arguments in favour of concentrating upon one well-proved design. A car which, in the first instance, is good enough to catch the popular fancy can be steadily improved and developed, season after season, until it is brought to a very high pitch of perfection indeed.

Built on this plan, the Vauxhall "Cadet" has made for itself a permanent place among medium-priced, medium-powered cars. Although its specification differs only at minor points from that of previous years, the 1933 model has undoubtedly been again improved, so that the makers cannot be accused of resting indolently upon their laurels. It is smoother, more flexible, and generally more refined in its performance.

I WAS unfortunate in making my test run on a perfectly horrible day, so that I was glad to omit any test of the car's "flat out" maximum speed. I did, however, appreciate the very pleasant cruising speed around 45 m.p.h., and several times exceeded 50 m.p.h., with the impression of having a good 10 m.p.h. in hand. In spite of the wet roads and the strong cross-wind blowing, the "Cadet" was remarkably steady at these speeds. The centre of gravity of the 1933 model has been substantially lowered, and this, no doubt, has had a good effect upon the car's road-holding qualities.

I should add, also, that the speedometer appeared to be admirably honest. The "faked" speedometer (never employed by this or any other self-respecting firm) is now, thank goodness, becoming comparatively rare, although one may still come across it here and there.

The engine is of very clean and practical design. Even the sparking-plugs, although instantly accessible, are neatly covered in, as seen below

Above: A good point is the position of the tool-kit. The lid of the recessed box folds down, so that the kit can be conveniently laid out

The driving position has been well thought out, and there is no lack of leg-room. Instruments are grouped between two handy cubby-holes, as can be seen in the photo above

The back seat is genuinely comfortable, even when the adjustable front seats have been pushed well back to accommodate a long-legged driver and the passenger in front

ONCE again I was able to appreciate the excellent synchro-mesh gear-box, with which all Vauxhall cars are fitted. In this case, a three-speed unit is employed, and I am bound to say that the need for a fourth ratio is not apparent. Second gear gives wonderful acceleration up to 40 m.p.h. or so, and top gear is exceptionally flexible.

It is worth noting that synchro-mesh gears, originally pioneered by the Vauxhall Company, have recently been subjected to "the sincerest form of flattery" from very well-known quarters. A gear-box which is perfectly normal outwardly, but which inwardly contains a highly efficient mechanism by which every gear-change is rendered absolutely silent and exact, is a very real asset.

The steering is pleasant, having some, but none too much, self-centring action, and the springing is thoroughly efficient. The brakes, which I note every year as being a first-rate Vauxhall feature, are as excellent as ever, and no one will quarrel with the price, which is £295 for the fully-equipped saloon.

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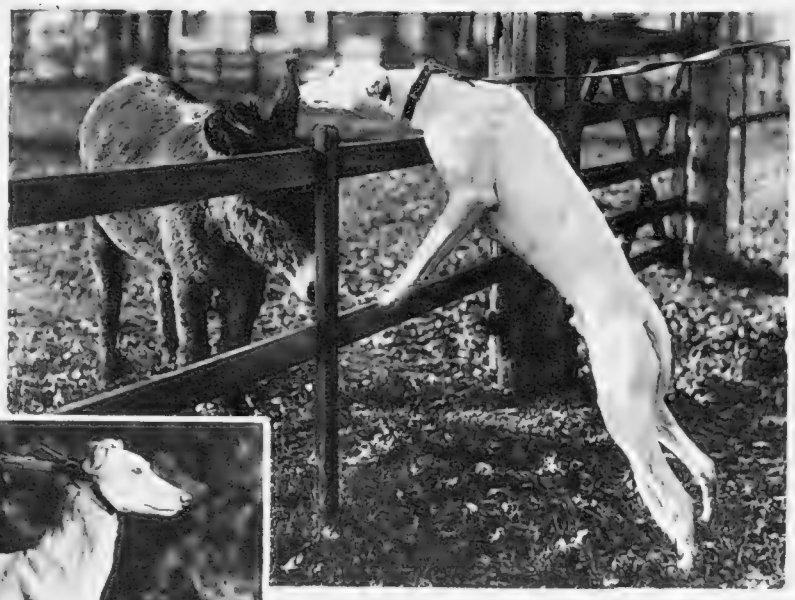
Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

IT is an established fact that certain dogs have procured for themselves a great hold over the affections of the greyhound racing public. This hold has not been obtained in all cases by great success on the track. If this were so, it would be readily understandable, because of the financial gain to be obtained by monetary following of the dog each time it made an appearance in a race.

In the case of Mick the Miller, probably the most popular greyhound that has ever figured on any race-track, even those of the public who might be considered only interested in a dog because of what they could make out of it feel a genuine affection for the dog itself. This was very noticeable on the evening of the Derby of this year, when Mick, in company with other previous Derby winners, paraded around the track before the race. The reception which he was given by the crowd was in no way an expression of thanks for favours received. It was a spontaneous and generous salute from an affectionate public.

Very Popular

A new portrait of a public favourite: Whoa is one of the most popular of the White City dogs, full of gameness and consistency



A Prospective Backer?

Hoppie, cousin to Long Hop, whispers a good tip in the ear of his friend and neighbour at Northaw

Below: Joan Wyndham, Clifford Mollison, two of the cast, and Anthony Asquith trying to keep warm at Harringay, where some of the scenes of "A Kingdom for Five-and-Sixpence," Anthony Asquith's new film, are being shot for Gainsborough Pictures

Round the Fire at Harringay

OF the present-day runners, Long Hop, the magnificent hurdler which won the Grand National, is undoubtedly a very great popular favourite, and not merely at his home track at Harringay. So is Wild Woolley. In the case of Long Hop, this popularity is largely due to the dog's merits as a hurdler, and there are few, if any, more inspiring sights than that of a really fine jumper clearing the hurdles by fractions of an inch and yet all the time instilling a certainty into the public mind that there is going to be no stumble. In the case of Wild Woolley, I shall probably get into trouble for saying that it is my belief that he is not so fast as Future Cutlet or one or two others, but the difference is very slight, and he more than makes up for this by his greater intelligence during the running of a race. The public always loves a clever dog.

These, however, are the names of dogs famous because of their great victories on the various tracks. Let me talk to you for a moment of another most popular runner who has not achieved world fame owing to a classic victory, and I am afraid he never will.

WHOA is a well-known and very popular greyhound to those of the public who frequent the White City track. He made his first appearance on this track during the latter part of last year, and he cannot be described as being in the top rank of greyhounds. He has, however, definitely given proof that he is one of the most game and consistent of dogs running in graded races, and he can be relied upon to put his very best into his racing at all times. To term Whoa a mudlark is a phrase well applied for it is a noticeable fact that when the state of the going is heavy, Whoa, as an each-way wager, is a fairly safe speculation.

THERE are many greyhounds running regularly at the White City and at Harringay who, while not being in any way top-notchers, nevertheless are dogs who, through some peculiar habit they may possess, some attribute of gameness or consistency, have achieved great popularity with the public, and to test the popularity of Whoa it is only necessary to be at the White City on a night when he is running. After the usual parade, and the ceremony of placing the dogs in their respective traps, there comes the inevitable silence, broken only by the yapping of the excited dogs, which always precedes a race. But as soon as those six greyhounds begin their pursuit of the hare there is a continual cry from all over the Stadium from the time that they leave the trap until they reach the finishing-line: "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!" But that game dog has taken no heed of that command as yet: he goes with all that is in him.

IT has often been said that there is a great business rivalry between greyhound racing and the cinema, but if this rivalry does exist, it seems to be a very friendly one, for recently the Harringay race-track was used as a background for Anthony Asquith's current Gainsborough picture, *A Kingdom For Five-and-Sixpence*. Joan Wyndham and Clifford Mollison co-starred in this picture, which was directed by Anthony Asquith, and the officials, both of the film company and of the Harringay track, seemed to get on very well together. Personally, I am looking forward to seeing this picture: Gainsborough, under Mick Balcon, is a really go-ahead firm, and if the screen can do justice to greyhound racing, then Gainsborough will have done it.

Christmas Gifts at HAMPTONS

THE articles illustrated are typical of the original and beautiful Gifts to be seen in our Galleries. FIGURE LAMP with silk and georgette Shade, **34/6**. OVAL MIRROR in ivory colour with hand-modelled Barbola decoration, **63/-**. MODERN DESIGN LAMP with Match Stand and five Ash-Trays, **26/9**. ROUND QUILTED CUSHION in art taffeta, in all colours, **22/6**. OVAL PAPER TIDY in ivory colour with Old Prints, **16/9**.

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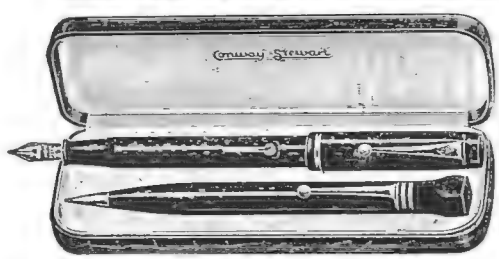

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To dye, or, as experts prefer to say, to "tint" the hair is no longer a process which the woman who begins it hopes to keep as a dead secret between her hairdresser and herself.

On the contrary, blondes, platinum blondes, and ladies who love the rich hues of henna frequently discuss the exact shade they mean to try next time.

But, on the other hand, there are a very large number of women who have no desire to change the colour of their hair in the slightest degree, yet a very real desire to keep that colour at its best.

In spite of exquisite cleanliness, the shining polish that only regular brushing gives, and all the arts of the hairdresser, it is precisely the glow, vitality and subtle gradations of colouring which desert too many heads all too soon. And this is particularly noticeable in England, where the extreme fairness of the Scandinavian and the blue-black of the Latins are both rare, but where ash-blonde and all shades of brown tinged with bronze, copper and dull gold are prevalent and lovely. At their freshest and best, they are serious rivals to true blonde and raven locks; but

when they fade, the complexion is apt to lose reflected lustre too, and drabness easily pervades the whole personality.

Illness, worry and fatigue are all factors which produce this unenviable condition, and although careful tinting may produce an interesting new colour, it cannot simulate the subtlety of the original.

This is why a Hair Restorer which actually brings back the colour that grey or faded hair possessed in youth is so invaluable to any woman who has reason to regret the past glory of her head.

The name "Caradium" is in itself an augury of success. Radium is already associated in most of our minds with cures of one sort or another. "Caradium" Hair Restorer is a Radio-active Tonic which penetrates to the actual roots of the hair, invigorates them, stimulates them, and restores the original colour for the simple and logical reason that it renews the fertility upon which the colour of the hair depends.

This restoration of the colouring and gloss of youth would be enough in itself to make any woman who needs the help of "Caradium" everlastingly thankful; fastidious people have still further cause for gratitude in the fact that, as it contains no colouring matter of any sort, it cannot stain or discolour the skin, clothes or bed-linen.

Its application is a matter of a few minutes daily. The scalp must naturally be perfectly cleansed first, preferably with Caradium Olive Oil Shampoo, which is composed of ingredients that leave the hair soft, clean and delicately perfumed.

The Caradium Hair Restorer is applied to the roots with a small tooth brush, and once the original colour has come back it is only necessary to use the restorer once or twice weekly in order to prevent any reappearance of greyness or fading. Extreme cases may take from three to five weeks to cure, but the majority of heads are restored to their original glory after ten days' or a fortnight's regular use of the preparation.

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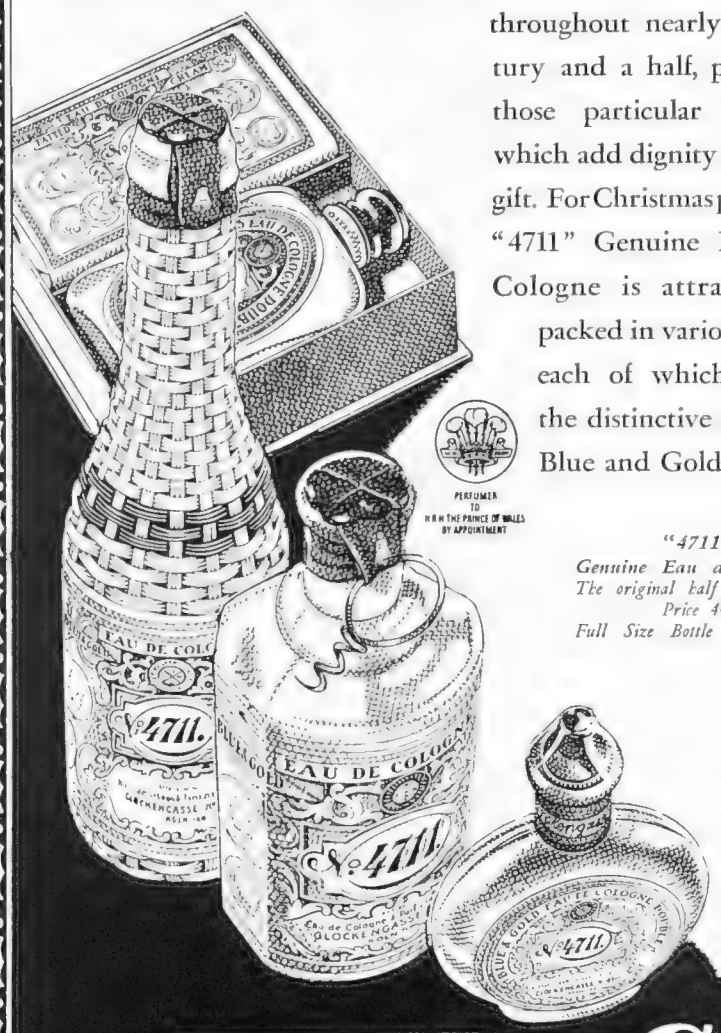

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The Doggy World

The Restless Dog: By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE are few things more annoying than a restless dog in the house: by which I mean a dog that wanders about, will not stay "put," and generally keeps one on what a friend of mine used to call "the qui wizzle." Sometimes it comes from upbringing, sometimes from a very active nature, sometimes from want of exercise, and, occasionally, because the dog is not really suited for the house.

Of the latter, there are dogs in every breed. They appear to prefer "the great out-of-doors," and really they are not worth training for reasonable companionship. But with most dogs you can do a great deal towards making them "house-dogs" in the broad sense of the word. To begin with, you must give them definite exercise: that is, a proper walk twice a day, accompanied by somebody. Let them gallop about to their heart's content, but let them realise that they are with their master or mistress.

THEN, when they come home, they will be pleasantly tired and ready to rest. But if you merely take them for a sedate walk on the lead they are still full of energy when they return, and, naturally, they will not lie quiet, and if you allow them to roam all over the place "on their own" they get a liking for a nomadic existence and become nothing but street dogs.

Give the dog a good bed, basket or chair of his own, and when he comes in, give him his food. Then, if necessary, tie him to the basket by a lead (being careful to arrange it so that it cannot strangle him), and pay no attention to his whines or subdued squeals, except to chide him. In a short time, if the bed is comfortable, the dog will lie down and be quiet. He will learn to associate the house with good food and comfort.

Weighing the Babies

Mrs. C. Wilkinson's miniature black and tan terriers, Half Moon Posy and Half Moon Impertinence, in the balance at the L.K.A. Show recently held at the Royal Horticultural Hall

I HAVE taught many dogs in this way, and, with luck, you should have no failures. But, as I have said, there is the odd dog that has the gipsy nature, and really, when this is the case, it is kinder to give him to somebody with a large garden where he can roam about all day. I sympathise with him, for I should go mad if I felt I had to live in a town all my life and never visit strange corners of the earth.

CHOWS are confirmed ramblers. They are entirely able to look after themselves, but they are also sheep-killers by nature, so they are not good country dogs. But for somebody who lives in a town and does not wish to be bothered with exercising a dog, the chow is excellent.

Alsatians never roam if they have a happy home; to them, human companionship is everything, and they are just as happy without any other dog. Terriers wander a good deal, and the spitz tribe needs canine companionship more than it does human, for as a breed they are very hardy, active, and playful. But don't forget that, more often than not, your dog's restlessness is due to want of sufficient exercise.

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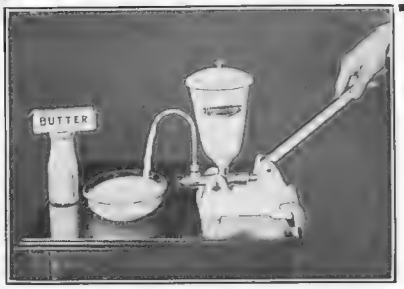

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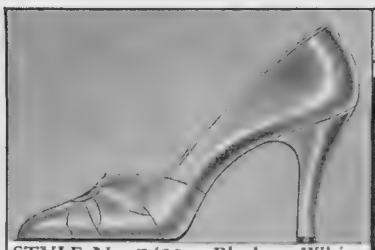

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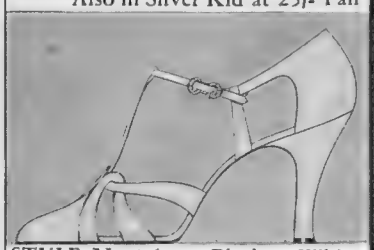

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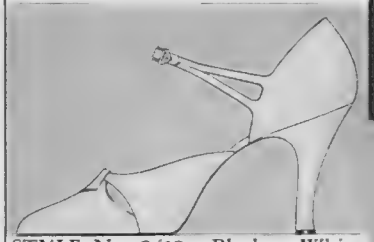

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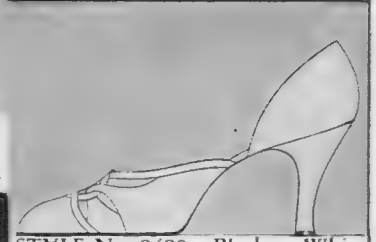

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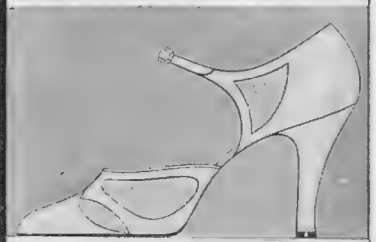

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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

(Continued from page 468)

doubt my readers know, is played for by match play among the sixteen who qualify over thirty-six holes of medal play on the first day. Now it was essential that, beautifully clothed in correct City garb, General Critchley should attend a most important meeting in London at eleven o'clock on the day of the qualifying. To do this, he played his first qualifying round at eight o'clock in the morning, and he cannot be said to have distinguished himself particularly at this early hour, for he took 84 strokes to complete the course. Immediately on finishing his round he rushed up to London, changed his clothing and attended the meeting. There was a directors' luncheon afterwards, and feeling assured that the magnitude of his score had destroyed all his chances in the qualifying round, General Critchley much enjoyed his luncheon, and when he was offered fifteen to one against qualifying by the other directors he did not hesitate to accept, although rather in the spirit of laying the insult! Luncheon over, he set off in search of his car in order to dash back to Addington, but here a hitch occurred, for in some way the car had got itself mislaid. At last he managed to secure a strange car, and in this he raced back to the club, changing into golf clothes on the way, and arriving on the tee just in the nick of time. He completed his second round in 75, thus qualifying by one stroke for the match play stages. The golfing world knows that he went on to win the Championship, defeating so good a golfer as W. L. Hope in the final round.

THIS Surrey Championship won for the club by General Critchley is by no means the end of the list, for the Swedish Amateur Championship was won by Alaric de Forest, brother of the Amateur Champion, and the London Amateur Foursomes were won for Addington by the Hon. W. Brownlow and Eustace Storey.

LAST, but very much by no means least, the Ladies' Competition for the *Star* Trophy, which is an inter-club tournament, was won for Addington by a team captained by Miss Dorothy Pim, and which included Mrs. Douglas Fish, Mrs. Herbert Guedalla and Mrs. P. Hill.

I am not claiming for Addington that this list is unique for any one year among performances of members of any one club, but it seems to me to be sufficiently remarkable to be placed on record.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

LUNCHEON

SHRIMP COCKTAILS

***

FILETS DE SOLE À LA MARSEILLES

***

CÔTELETTES DE MOUTON À L'EPICURE

***

CRÊPES À LA FRANÇAISE

***

BISCUITS À LA DIABLE

***

CAFÉ

Shrimp Cocktails

PUT into the bottom of a rather large wineglass a good dessertspoonful of tomato sauce, cover with picked shrimps, and then add a dessertspoonful of Worcester sauce to which a few drops of Tabasco pepper sauce have been already added.

Filets de Sole à la Marseilles

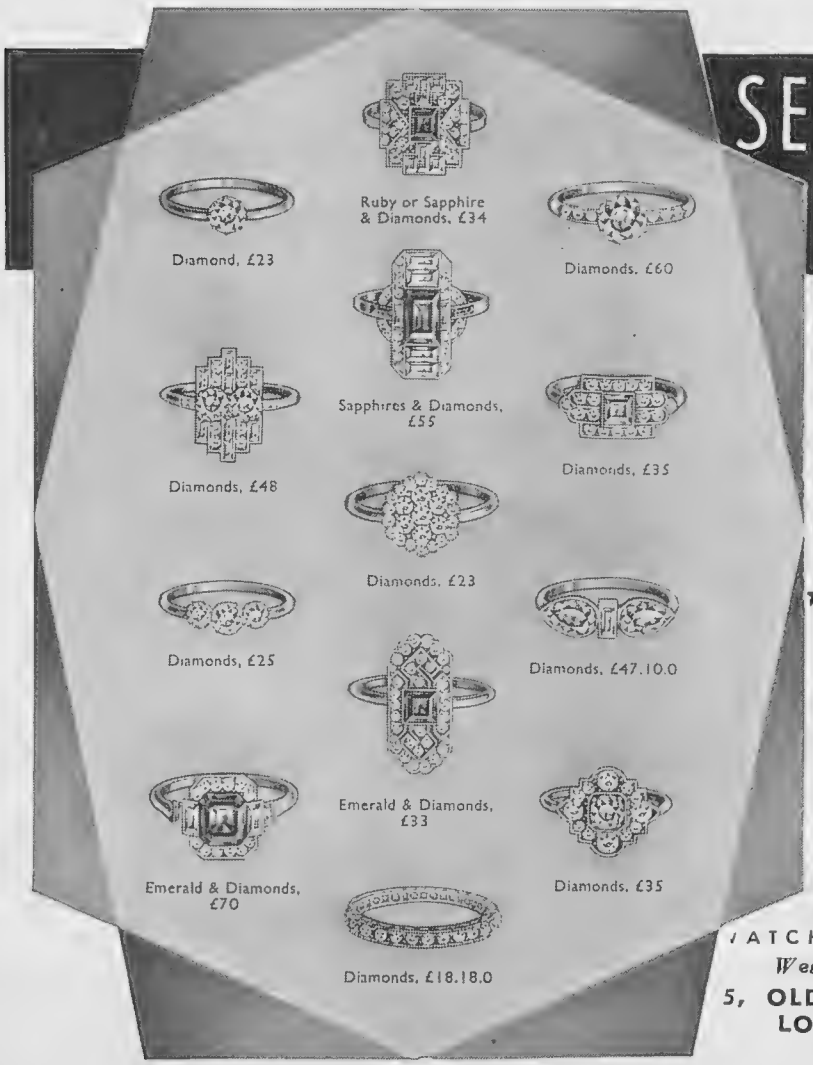
FILLET a good-sized sole, and season the fillets with salt. Mince a clove of garlic, 2 sprigs of parsley, 2 sprigs of thyme, and 2 bay leaves very fine. Add a pinch of pepper, and roll the fish in the spice. Then fry 2 sliced onions in butter, add one cupful of tomato pulp, the juice of a lemon and two cups of water. Let boil up. Add the fish and let boil until done. Remove the fish on to a dish. Add a glass of white wine to the sauce and one tablespoonful of sugar. Boil up and pour over the fish.

Côtelettes de Mouton à l'Epicure

CUT some cutlets and trim them. Mix equal quantities of grated Parmesan cheese and fine breadcrumbs. Dip the cutlets into a good rich brown sauce, then into the bread and Parmesan, then into beaten yolk of egg, into which a little salt and very finely-chopped parsley has been mixed. Then fry them and serve them in a crown, with spaghetti in the middle; pour hot brown sauce over and sprinkle with Parmesan

Crêpes à la Française

PUT 3 oz. of sifted flour into basin, make a well in the centre, add a pinch of salt and 1 oz. of castor sugar, and stir in half a pint of milk. Mix well, and then stir in, one by one, four eggs, well beaten; continue beating the batter for ten minutes or more. Melt ½-oz. of butter in a pan, pour in a fourth part of the batter, and bake in a good oven for fifteen minutes. Slit open the pancake and place one or two tablespoonsful of jam inside, close the aperture, and return to the oven for another five minutes. Place on a hot dish and sift powdered sugar over. Continue making the rest of the batter into pancakes in the same way.



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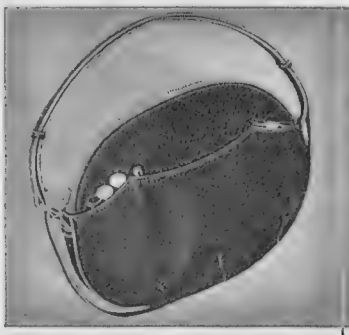

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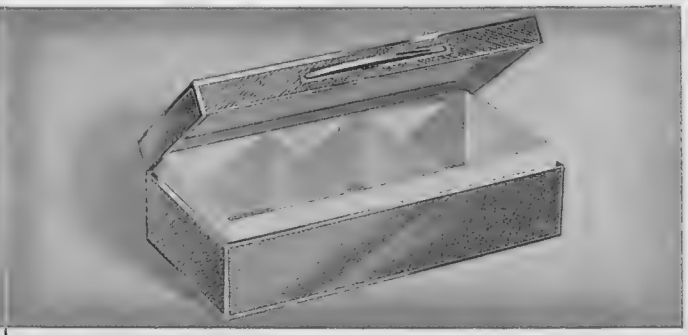

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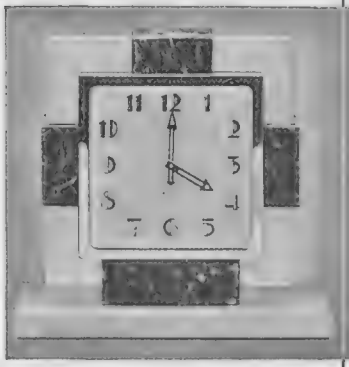

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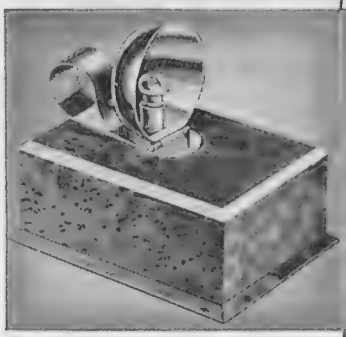

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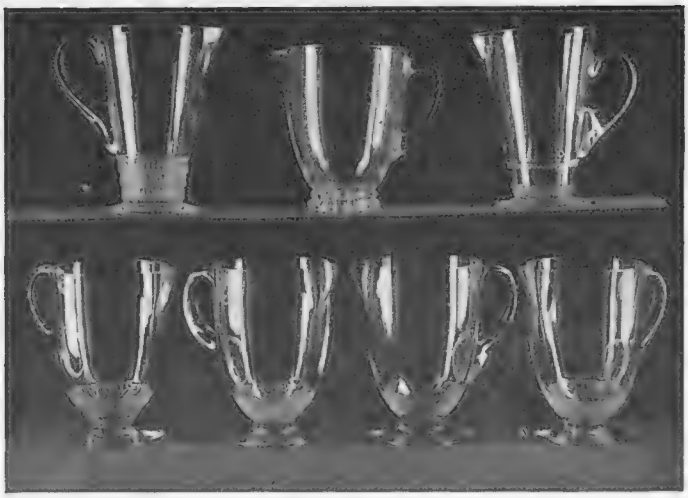

For the Connoisseur

Beauty in Glass

The origin of the seven beautiful jugs illustrated above is obvious to anyone who knows anything of modern glass; they were made, of course, by Mr. René Lalique. Like every other production that comes from the hands of this famous artist in glass and the craftsmen that he employs, they bear an unmistakable stamp; the purity of outline and delicacy of design betray the maker, even in a photograph, when the colour and crystal quality of the glass cannot be reproduced. At the Lalique Galleries, in Basil Street, S.W.1, these and many other specimens of the art of glass-making are to be seen. Even if one does not intend to buy, a visit to the Galleries is an inspiration and a delight, and anyone who is looking for a lovely and unusual present will be certain to find it there.

Ubiquitous Christmas

It 's no good any longer trying to keep the mind off Christmas; from now until the middle of January, when the after-effects wear off somewhat, we are all apt to be one-idea people. The recovery, however, may take place sooner if we eat and drink wisely and not too well during the usually-fatal two or three days. And here 's a tip: lay in a large store of Apollinaris, not only to make your drinks weaker, but because it 's so good for you. Drink plenty of Apollinaris at Christmas and you 'll feel a better man for the New Year: there 's a seasonable suggestion! The new "Baby Polly Stone" will help you to carry this suggestion out: it has very persuasive ways, and has already become most popular. Everyone with real foresight is ordering in a good supply, thus making sure that Christmas will be merry, and the New Year not too much of a hang-over.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week. Coupons must be attached to the cards and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

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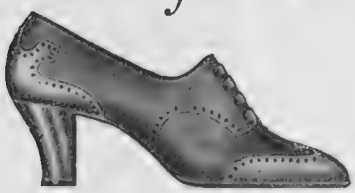

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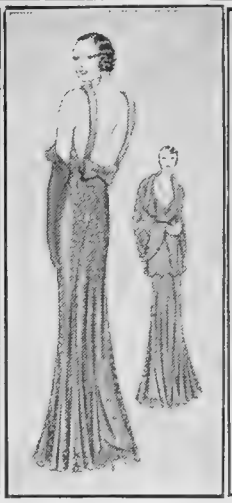

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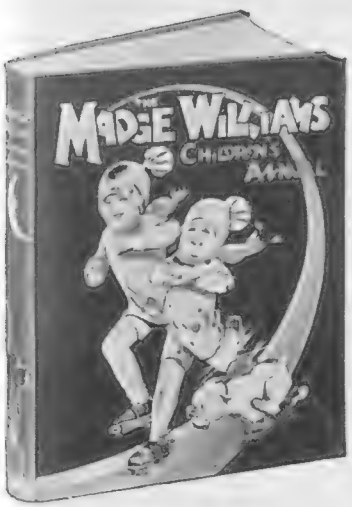

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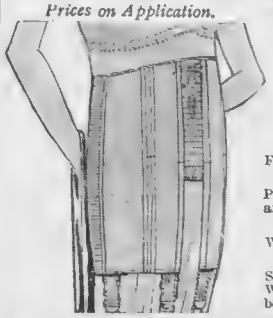

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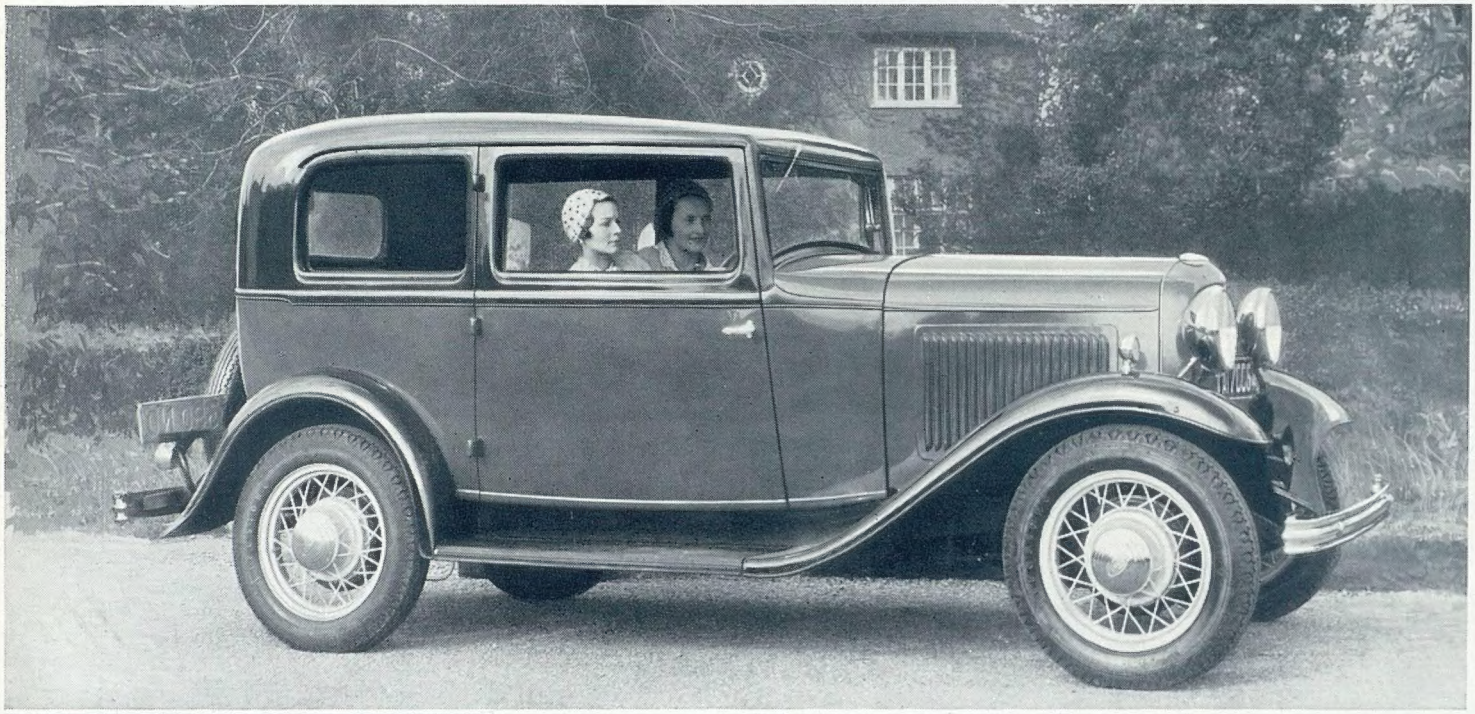

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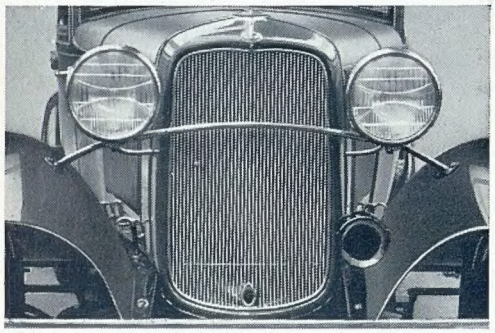

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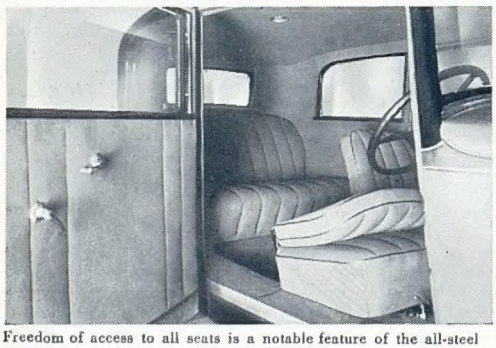

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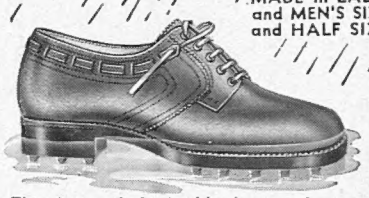

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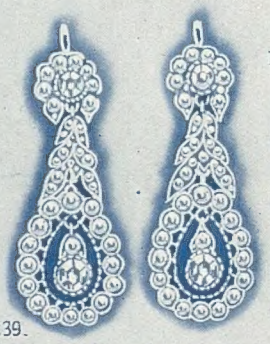

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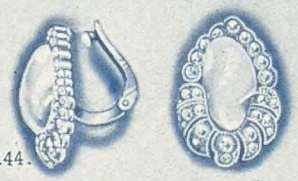

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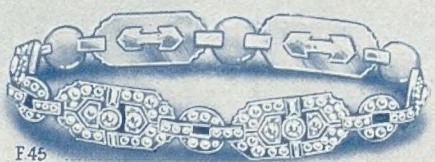

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